Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1839.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To J. T. L. You can have G. at $1500 cash, delivered here. Will write by mail anon.

To J. W. W. Mr. B. has written you this week; a previous letter miscarried, probably from his omitting the name of your county. G.'s pedigree, etc. shall be forwarded.

"Jemes" will be good enough to tell "Jim" to say to "Fred" that we cannot meet them on Monday in Bosting, no how we can fix it. Be good boys, and don't Fred or Jim get "tight," or you'll be the death of this child!

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the satin play-bill, and shall have something to say of it in our next.

Correspondents unnoticed here will hear from us through the mail at our earliest leisure.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1839.

THE BRITISH QUEEN.

This splendid steam-ship has been hourly expected at this port for several days. Her non-arrival is now attributed to the fact that she must have changed her day of sailing, (the 1st instant,) or that her machinery being new, we had no good reason for anticipating a short passage. The *Great Western* was to sail from Bristol on the 5th instant, and the *odds* are *even* that she will arrive in the course of to-morrow. Our agent wrote us by the "Liverpool" that our packages of magazines, papers, etc. would be forwarded by these two steamers, without fail, so that next week we shall be able to lay before our readers probably all sorts of intelligence.

In looking over our last papers a second time, the following paragraph met our eye in the Chester Gazette:—

Touchstone.—We have been told that our esteemed noble neighbor, the Marquis of Westminster, has lately patriotically refused £3,500 for the above celebrated stallion. Mr. John Brown, auctioneer of this city, was the agent employed by the persons wishing to purchase, who were Americans.

One of the papers remarks that the latter sentence is gratuitous, inasmuch as none but the *Americans* can afford or have the spirit to pay any such price for a stallion, however celebrated.

A negociation is going on for the purchase of *Economist*, the sire of Harkaway, Normanby, and other platers, by "the Virginia Company." We anticipate being called upon to advertise *Velocipede* in our list of American Stallions in 1840, and possibly *Harkaway.*

PICTURE OF A SCENE NEAR NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

VIDALIA, (La.) July 12th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—I think some time since you visited this fair southron land. Did you stand on the site of the old French fort, ROSALIE, of tragic memory, named after the beautiful and accomplished daughter of M. PONTCHARTRAIN? If you did not, step there with me a moment. We now stand upon that stupendous bulwark that the Mighty One has appointed to the bounds of the Great Father of Waters, who frets and roars at its eternal base—"hither shalt thou come and no farther," is the decree. If the forest, of only half a mile in extent, which is intermediate between this and Lake Concordia, was felled, we should have one of the finest panoramic views on earth. Natchez, close on our right, lies on a point nearly as elevated, like a crowning glory. Back of us, is a noble range of walnut hills extending as far as the eye can see, and dotted here and there with noble mansions. In the fore-front of the picture, at our feet, sweeps on, like a conqueror with majesty and might, the wild and impetuous Mississippi. His bosom is animated by those splendid palaces, like "fiery centaurs," that wreath up their white smoke above his blue stream like fleecy clouds; and also by the tall masts of those wanderers of the ocean, that go forth laden with the wealth and luxury of nations. One arm stretches downward to mingle his waters with the ocean tide, and the other upward as far as the eye can see, and the fancy travelling onward traces him up to the sources of those mighty tributaries that penetrate into the bosom of thirteen of these United States. Little did the wild child of the forest think a century ago, as he stood upon this high projecting cliff with folded arms and contemplative brow, that now his eyes might be saluted with cultivated fields, villages and cities. Cast your eyes now to the opposite bank of this wide stream and you will discover a little village, that seems to enjoy repose and quiet on that green and sunny shore—your eyes too are now attracted by the broad lands of the favorites of fortune with their wide fields of waving corn and cotton. You see also a long line of roads radiating from this great centre and intersecting each other in every possible direction—you now behold the lake that stretches out before you like a sheet of clear blue sky. How green and beautiful are its banks winding away in the distance with waving curves as gentle and as graceful as the bendings of the poplar. Its shores are lined with the splendid mansions of our planters with their tastefully arranged negro quarters, which rise up like distant villages to animate the scene. There, too, at the farthest extremity of the lake, projects from the crystal wave that lovely island, that is covered with such a noble and stately forest of trees, and is redolent with every luxury and every sweet of nature, and whose fragrance is the breath of flowers, and through whose shadowy forest we chase the bounding buck. Can it be that Old Neptune has quit his ocean-bed, and in this quiet and remote scene has crowned himself with their sylvan wreath. Welcome thou tempest-armed king of ocean to thy retreat! Now, sir, we have, surrounding all, the dim outline of the distant forest, rising up like a blue barrier that the gods had erected to exclude all other from this glorious scene, than sacred foot-prints. This is, indeed, as lovely a land as Italy. It may not have its softness, but here we have the unrivalled splendor of the sun. Beneath his warmth every tree, every flower, every insect, yea, every living thing seems to exult under a consciousness of joyous existence. We want, like her, a history to throw its glory and its majesty over all. When our foot first touches the soil of Italy, we view every object in connection with the past. And after the mind has wandered, dream-like, through the vast fields of the past, and is filled and overwhelmed by the gigantic visions of *human* glory and excellence that come trooping on like battalions, we find that our eyes are fixed with an intense gaze on the dim and distant brow of the Alps, and we imagine that all beyond is the sacred abode of the *Gods.* Had *we* such associations, thy waters and thy shores, O Mississippi, would groan with travellers. And then there is the softness of the Italian tongue "whose words ring like clarions of victory" whilst the "beauties of the English language are all melancholy; tinted with clouds and tuned with lashing waves."

I like to record all the little traits of kindness, sagacity, or intelligence, that distinguish the canine species. Many facts relating to them, that never see the light, would be very interesting to the sportsman. There was a large white-spotted hound known well in West Feliciana, that was hunted by ——B. He was so accustomed to the various drives in the neighborhood that it was only necessary to accompany him to their commencement, when the hunters might all separate for their respective stands with the perfect assurance that he would soon have the game up should there be any in the drive. I think next Fall I may have some moving incidents by flood and field to tell you of. I intend to have some glorious bear-hunts.

M.

LONDON TEA GARDENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," BY OLD HINKSPILLER.

The busy Metropolis is surrounded by agreeable places of resort for the working-classes and trades-people. On Sundays they are crowded with Artisans and Mechanics in their best attire, who regale themselves and families with beer, ale, or a glass of mixed liquor; the expense is trifling, and a man who has labored with industry through the week, is by no means averse to parting with twenty-five cents for the purpose of giving himself and children a little fresh air and a gambol on the greensward. During the week-days a better class of visitors patronise these establishments; they cannot bear to allow their children to associate with their *unequals*, and as they are quite certain that poor industry will not find its way to the seat of pleasure on any day except Sunday, they strut forth in all the pride and plumage of retail shop-keepers, without the "secret dread and inward horror" of being elbowed by an inferior. This is about the first step of the ladder of English society, which is fixed and unchangeable, from the Scavenger in Wapping, to the Duke in Belgrave Square; there is a gradation amongst "*the Trades,*" as scrupulously adhered to as the sternest of the nobility; the man who makes coats and is called a *Merchant* Tailor, and frequently waits upon his customers in his own carriage; *he* of course would not visit a Hatter or a Grocer. The Barber, known only as a *Perfumer*, looks with unutterable contempt upon a Butcher, whose wife declines *wisiting* Mrs. Shrimp, the Fishmonger's lady, who in her turn considers Mrs. Greasall, the Tallow-chandler, too *wulgar* for her darters to mix with. Chimney-sweepers, Coster-mongers, Cats'-meat-venders, Hot-pie-men, and Portable Breakfast-makers, hover round the base of the ladder, but are not permitted to put hand or foot to it. I consider the three last named much injured by the barrier that interposes betwixt them and the well-housed tradesman; they are a useful class, a *very* useful class; the Cats'-meat-man assuredly diffuses honesty amongst the feline race, for he sells the flesh of dead horses for *their* nutriment, which housekeepers may buy for a penny per pound, and thereby preserve from destruction a fine beefsteak or a leg of mutton. The Hot-pie-man enables the poor to partake of the luxury of *pastry*, as well as the rich, and is moreover a useful member of society, inasmuch as he very disinterestedly furnishes a channel for getting rid of idle and troublesome *dogs*, which in the month of July is a great advantage in a crowded metropolis. The Portable Breakfast-maker is not to be despised; he stands at the corner of a street with a table, an urn filled with a decoction of *something* which he calls coffee, and some large slices of bread and butter; here the poor mechanic may breakfast for two-pence. The keepers of the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, or The Clarendon in Bond Street, look down sneeringly upon the perambulating Breakfast-men, but if they reflect for one moment they may probably come to the conclusion that the distance between them is not so vast. *He* sells breakfasts, so do *they*—*he* takes pay for it, so do *they*—they are *all* equally thankful for custom, equally delighted if business is brisk, and equally depressed if it is flat.

Having in a way fixed the *dramatis personæ*, we will proceed to describe the places and some of the patrons. These agreeable resorts are called Tea Gardens; the principal ones are in the north western suburbs of London, and are known by the names of *The Eagle—Bagnigge Wells* and *The White Conduit.* Cockney jaws having distorted the last named into *The Vite Condick*, we claim precedence for it as a sort of pet, indeed we believe it has been in operation at least a century. The grounds are laid out with much taste, and are studded with benches, tables, and alcoves, where refreshment is brought by waiters stationed in all directions. "*Tea*" (the Lion of the Place,) is furnished at one shilling for each person, including a hot roll and butter.

* * * * * *

A July sun had scorched the bricks and pavement of *London Wall*, and left the inhabitants of that busy street sweltering in the afternoon's heat, when William Smuggs, the cheese-monger, bustled into the parlor behind the shop, and chucked his better half under the chin.

"Why, Billy," says she, "what's come over you?"

"Mary, my duck," said he, "I've had a good day; *seven p'n ten* (£7:10) in the till, '*sides* bookings, and as it's as *ot* as the next world, I mean to take you and the *kids* out a'pleasuring."

"Oh! Billy!"

"Molly, I've said it."

"Where shall we go, deary?"

"To the *Vite Condick*, of course; none but the tip-tops goes there, and you'd better rig up the little 'uns and put on (touching his nose with his finger) the shawl you lent Mrs. Grunter three pounds upon; it's *your'n* till she *unspouts* it, eh, old gal? Moll, give us a kiss."

Of course Mrs. Smuggs complied with the affectionate request of her husband, who by the bye was not *always* in such good humor, and she inwardly prayed that he might every day take seven *p'n ten*, '*sides* bookings.

In less than an hour, all was in readiness, the *kids* in their Sunday attire, and Mrs. Smuggs in her best Leghorn and Mrs. Grunter's shawl. William Smuggs sported his Waterloo blue frock coat, yellow waistcoat, corduroy knees, and top-boots. In a few moments they were all seated inside an omnibus, which after distributing the usual quantum of dust amongst its passengers, landed our party at Penton Street, Pentonville. They alighted, and walked to the spot where their happiness was to be complete.

Selina Smuggs being fifteen years old was allowed to take her Pa's arm, whilst Mrs. S. conducted the two children. They took possession of a small alcove containing a table and benches, and when comfortably settled down, Mr. Smuggs commenced operations,

"Waiter!"

"Coming, Sir!"

Mr. S. borrowed his lady's white pocket handkerchief and whisked the dust from his boots.

Mrs. S. puffed a little, declared she was in a violent *presporation*, and applied the self same kerchief to her face.

"Waiter!"

"Co—ming, Sir!"

"Why don't you come, and be d——d to yer?"

"Now, Sir, what's the figger?"

"Tea for three, and *two extra rolls and butter.*"

The order was instantly complied with; the waiter, who saw five in the party, looked somewhat *knowing* at the two extra rolls, but as he was probably accustomed to similar manœuvres, he felt it his interest to appear unconscious of the contemplated fraud, and keep as much out of sight as possible.

"Come, Mary, my dear," said Smuggs, taking from his coat-pocket a brown paper, containing several pieces of cheese, (from the shop, of course,) "make the tea, and you, Sliny, butter the rolls, for I'm pretty peckish."

All was performed *secundem artem*, and after the elder branch had made the first onslaught, the mystery of the two extras was unravelled. Mrs. S. seized the slop-bowl and filled it with the *second* distillation of Twankey, at which the junior Smuggses took a *pull* alternately, to wash down the roll, butter, and cheese. A glass of cold gin and water was next ordered, of which Pa took a draught, Ma a drink, Selina a taste, and the *kids* a sup, and then the party started off to ramble about the ground on separate interests.

Mr. Smuggs had fallen in with three or four neighbors of the same side in parish politics with himself. They were drinking success to the next election of grave-digger in copious libations of punch, which seemed to disturb the equilibrium of nearly all the party. Mrs. S. was promenading along the garden, enveloped in the graceful folds of Mrs. Grunter's three pounder, which gave her an opportunity of imitating, to a certain extent, Taglioni in the celebrated Shawl Dance. She stepped out handsomely, and took especial care that her tight-laced pea-green *bottines* should display to the best advantage a tolerably small foot. When she passed her husband and his friends she winked, smiled, and simpered, as much as to say, "Smuggs, dear, you are enjoying yourself, so am I."

The shades of evening were lowering upon the scene, and Madame thought it time to gather her forces and beat a retreat, particularly as there were strong symptoms of an approaching shower. During her meditations, she was startled by the screams of her eldest boy, who came running up the avenue, drenched with muddy water, and exclaiming, "Oh! mother, mother! the frogs is a-eating Tommy up." In a moment she was on full gallop, and following the little messenger of evil, soon found herself at the edge of a frog-pond, two feet deep, where the hopeful Tommy was jumping and floundering about, to the infinite amusement of about a hundred and fifty ragged little urchins, not one of whom offered to give him the smallest assistance. The harmony was complete; the croaking of the frogs, who instead of being "a-eating Tommy up," were being trod to death by the said Tommy, the laughter of the brats, the squalling of the frog-smasher, and the tempestuous howling of mother Smuggs, put the incantation of "Der Freischutz" into oblivion. It has been truly said by the poet—

> "None but a mother knows a mother's feelings."

Without a second's thought of the Grunter shawl, or the pea-green boots, she marched into the brook knee-deep, and seizing her "little love" by the shirt-collar, deliberately dragged him to the dry land. The child, half dead with fear, did not know whether he was to be greeted with a kiss or a thrashing. His mother looked at him—at her dress—at the shawl—at the boots, and exclaimed, "You wagabone, stop till you gets home."

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and she returned to the garden to find Mr. S. and Sliny. The former was quite *unconscious*—the last glass to the new grave-digger had dug the grave of his sobriety for that evening. After a half hour's search, Miss Smuggs was discovered playing at marbles with some boys, and received two or three admonitory slaps, with a promise of the balance when she got home. The family sallied forth with the intention of hiring a hack, but they were too late—all the omnibusses were full, and the unfortunate family were obliged to trudge home, a distance of two miles, amidst the peltings and howlings of a fearful storm. So much for "going out a p'easuring."

The Evening Tattler is the name of the cleverest penny paper ever projected in this city. We have no idea who the editors are, but wish they were among the long list of correspondents of the "Spirit of the Times," and would send an occasional article during these days when the dog-star rages. As that dear old "grass widow" said when a nice young man threatened to kiss her,—"I should like to catch them at it!" The "Tattler" is published daily at meridian, at 162 Nassau st., by GRISWOLD and Co.; on Saturdays the same enterprising publishers issue a sheet yclept "*Brother Jonathan*"—a very capital name for a capital paper—of a size so immense that the little god of war, Gen. Morris, might be folded in one corner without showing his spurs. We extend the right hand of fellowship most cordially to Brother Jonathan, and shall be gratified to receive a daily visit from The Tattler.

MORNING PAPERS.—When the reader calls to mind that the debates in the House are sometimes kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning; that the reporters, relieved every twenty minutes, have to carry all their communications to the office; that all this matter has to be arranged, put in type, and then worked off, and that, notwithstanding this, the double sheet of matter is on thousands and thousands of tables by nine o'clock the next morning, it is really wonderful how it can be accomplished. Saturday night appears to be the only night on which those connected with these immense undertakings can be said to have any repose from year's end to year's end. What a life of toil!—what an unnatural life must theirs be, who thus cater during the hours of darkness for the information and amusement of those who have slept soundly during the night, and rise to be instructed by the labours of their vigils! It can be effected in no other country in the world. The editors of these newspapers must have a most onerous task. It is not the writing the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every day, whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction, distress of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to one task, remaining in one spot. It is like the walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling for them, for I know how a monthly periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing—the labour is not manifest; nor is it the labour—it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the magazine. One month is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes the other. It is the stone of Sisyphus—an endless repetition of toil—a constant weight upon the mind—a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a magazine is very well; but to edit one, is to condemn yourself to slavery.

Capt. Marryatt in the New Monthly.

Few wits have ever contrived to keep the House of Commons in better humour than Joseph Hume, the member for Kilkenny's propensity to blunder enables him from time to time, to do. On Monday, while expatiating on the virtues of the French Canadians, he exclaimed,—"I say, Sir, that they are the best and gentlest race in Europe (laughter)—ay, or in Africa" (roars.) On Tuesday Mr. Hume, while dilating on the great power of the "Liberals" throughout England, spoke of the importance of the Reformers, "*in* this house, and *out of—the country.*

HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP.

Hints on Horsemanship, to a Nephew and Niece; or, Common Sense and Common Errors in Common Riding. By an Officer of the Household Brigade of Cavalry.

This is the best little book on the subject of plain riding that we ever met with. The general defect of such works is, that they are too technical and too pedantic. Of all the pendants in the world, the gods save us from dancing masters of the old school and manege riding masters! We were once so stupified in our youth by a professor of the latter class, that we could hardly set foot in stirrup without being "safe for a fall." Besides, the whole school is wrong. Supposing a gentleman to have acquired the art in as great perfection as the Duke of Newcastle, of equestrian celebrity, he would be hooted at if he rode in that style through the streets of London, or in any of our parks. The object of our officer of the household brigade is to teach such riding as is useful, and, indeed, indispensable, to every gentleman. He shows no mercy to old prejudices.

The general defect of riders, even when taught in the best schools, is to turn the horse on the wrong rein. "I never," says our author, "knew a cavalry soldier, rough-rider, riding-master, or any horseman whatever, who turned his horse, *single-handed*, on the proper rein."

"This is something like steaming without steering. Set them on a finely-broken horse or colt, and they become helpless children—the powerless prisoners of the beasts that they bestride. How often does one see one's acquaintance in this distressing situation, with courage enough to dare what man dare, but without the power to do what the rough rider has just done! First comes the false indication of the rider, then the confusion and hesitation of the horse; next the violence of the rider, then the despair and rebellion of the horse. The finish is a fractured limb, from a rear or a runaway, the poor brute is set down as restive, and in fact becomes more or less a misanthrope for the rest of his days. I have seen the gentle and brave, under such circumstances, act very much like the cruel and cowardly; that is to say, first rough an innocent animal for their own fault, and then yield to his resistance. It is in consequence of this that we find so many restive horses; that so few thorough-bred horses—that is, horses of the highest courage—can be made hunters; that, in fact, almost all high-couraged young horses become restive,after leaving the colt-breaker's hands. It is, indeed, in consequence of this that the class of people called colt-breakers exist at all For if we all rode on this principle, which is the true principle, any groom, or moderately good rider, could break any colt, or ride any restive horse. There is a common error, both in theory and practice, with regard to the restive horse. He is very apt to rear sideways against the nearest wall or paling. It is the common error to suppose that he does so with the view of rubbing his rider off. Do not give him credit for intellect sufficient to generate such a scheme. It is that, when there, the common error is to pull his head *from* the wall. This brings the rider's knee in contact with it; consequently all farther chastisement ceases; for were the rider to make his horse plunge, his knee would be crushed against the wall. The horse, finding this, probably thinks that is the very thing desired, and remains there; at least he will again fly to a wall for shelter. Instead of *from* the wall pull his head towards it, so as to place his eye, instead of your knee, against it; continue to use the spur, and he will never go near a wall again. No horse becomes restive in the colt-breaker's hands; nor do any when placed in their hands remain so. The reason is, that they invariably ride with one bridle and two hands, instead of two bridles and one hand. When they wish to go to the right, they pull the right rein stronger than the left. When they wish to go to the left, they pull the left rein stronger than the right. These are indications which, if the colt will not obey, he will at least understand, the first moment he is mounted, and which the most obstinate will not long resist. But, as may be supposed, it takes a long time to make him understand that he is to turn to the right when the left rein is pulled, and to the left when the right rein is pulled; and it is only the meek-spirited and docile who will do this at all. Such, however, is the general docility of the animal, that a great proportion are, after long ill usage, taught to answer these false indications. In the same way that a cart-horse is brought to turn right or left by the touch of the whip on the opposite side of the neck, or by word from his driver, and, indeed, such is the nicety to which it may be brought, that you constantly hear persons boast that their horses will 'turn by the weight of the reins on the neck.' This, however, only proves the docility of the horse, and how badly he has been ridden; for a horse which has been finely broken should take notice only of the indications of his rider's hand on his mouth, not of any feeling of the reins against his neck."

Another capital mistake is, to fancy that we can keep a horse from falling by pulling hard at his mouth. It is painful to see a timid rider or driver going down hill, with his reins so tightened that the horse's mouth is drawn up on a line with the horizon, and his eyes so elevated that it is impossible for him to see where he is stepping. The chances of a stumble are thus more than doubled; and if a horse stumble in that condition, cramped, and tightened, and prohibited the use of his head and neck, with which, if left to himself, he will do wonders in recovering himself, down he must go! In riding, the inexpert and timid hold on chiefly by and through the rein. They tighten it so as to make it a kind of bar or pole by which to steady themselves in their seat, and to them any relaxation of either bridle is almost as fatal a thing as losing a stirrup. With a good horse let no such men be trusted; they are the Bishop Bonners and martyr-makers of the noblest part of the animal creation. But many other riders, who are neither timid nor altogether inexpert, fancy that they can keep a horse on his legs by half breaking his jaws. Let us hear our experienced author:

"Common sense tells us that a horse receives no aid from a pull in the mouth with a piece of iron, or a blow from a whip, or a kick in the side with an armed heel, however these may indicate to him the wishes or commands of his rider. It is the common error to suppose that he is aided and supported both by the hand and leg. I beg my pupil to believe, that the horse's legs support the rider, and not the rider's the horse—more than this, that the rider cannot lift the horse, nor hold him up when in the act of falling. How often do we hear a man assert that he has taken his horse up between his hands and legs, and lifted him over a fence; that he has recovered his horse on the other side, or that his horse would have fallen forty times, if he had not held him up! These are vulgar errors, and mechanical impossibilities. Could ten men, with handspikes, lift the weight of a horse? Probably. Attach the weight to the thin rein of a lady's bridle! Could a lady lift it with the left hand? I think not; though it is commonly supposed she could. A pull from the curb will, indeed, give the horse so much pain in the mouth that he will throw his head up; and this so flatters the hand that his prowess has saved him, that the rider exclaims, 'It may be impossible, but it happens every day. Shall I not believe my own senses?' The answer is, No; not if it can be explained how the senses are deceived: otherwise we could still believe, as, till some few centuries ago the world did believe, that the diurnal motion was in the sun, and not in the earth, Otherwise we must subscribe to the philosophy of the Turk, who

'Saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he'd journey'd fifty miles, and found
No sign of its being circular anywhere.'

But these errors are not harmless ones; they induce an ambitious interference with the horse at a moment in which he should be left unconfused to the use of his own energies. If, by pulling, and giving him pain in the mouth, you force him to throw up his head and neck, you prevent his seeing how to foot out any unsafe ground, or where to take off at a fence: and, in the case of stumbling, you prevent an action dictated alike by nature and philosophy. When an unmounted horse stumbles, nature teaches him to drop his head and neck; philosophy teaches us the reason of it. During the instant that his head and neck are dropping, the shoulders are relieved from their weight, and that is the instant that the horse makes his effort to recover himself. If, by giving him pain in his mouth, you force him to raise his head and neck, instead of sinking them, his shoulders will still remain encumbered with the weight of them;—more than this, as action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, the muscular power employed to raise the head and neck will act to sink his knees. The mechanical impossibility of the rider assisting his horse when falling may be demonstrated thus:—No motion can be given to a body without a foreign force, or a foreign fulcrum. Your strength is not a foreign force, since it is employed entirely on the horse; nor can it be employed on the foreign fulcrum, the ground, through the medium of your reins. As much as you pull up, so much will you pull down. If a man in a boat uses an oar, he can accelerate or impede the motion of the boat, because his strength is employed through the medium of the oar on the water, which is a foreign fulcrum; but if he take hold of the chain at the head of the boat, his whole strength will not accelerate, nor impede the motion of the boat, because there is neither foreign force nor foreign fulcrum. His whole strength is employed within the boat, and as much as he pulls backwards with his hands, he pushes forward with his feet. All the arguments which I have heard adduced against the doctrine here laid down, would also go to prove that a horse cannot fall which has a bearing-rein and crupper, that is, whose head is tied to his tail. Sir Francis Head's observation about bearing-reins, in the 'Bubbles of the Brunnen,' are quite philosophical. They should never be used except for purposes of parade, or to acquire a greater power over a difficult *team*. Sir Francis's observations are also true of the harness used by the peasantry of Nassau, which he describes; but I think this arises from the poverty, not the philosophy of the peasants. Those among them who have money enough to buy smart harness have the most elaborate bearing-reins. One, a chain, from the lower part of the collar, which binds the horse's chin to his breast, and another over the upper part of the collar, along the back, to the tail, independent of the terret-pad and crupper—this is tying a horse's head to his tail with a vengeance. To be consistent, the opponents of the theory which I have laid down should act on this principle—though I have never known them to go quite so far: *sed quis custodes custodiet ipsos?* What is to prevent the tail from falling forward with the body? They indeed argue, 'surely if you throw back the weight of the shoulders over the croupe of your horse, you relieve his forehead, and diminish the chance of his falling.' This is rather to prove a new method of preventing a horse from falling than to prove the advantage of pulling at the mouth while he is falling; for if it be of any advantage to throw back your weight, then the less you pull at the mouth the better; for the more you pull the less you are at liberty to throw back your weight. But, in truth, it is of no advantage to throw back the weight, when the stumble is made. If a position be previously taken up on the croupe of a horse, the pressure will be less upon the forehead than if you were placed in a forward position. But during the time that the position is in the act of being shifted, that is, during the time that the horse is falling, the act of throwing your own weight backward produces an exactly equivalent pressure forward; in all respects the counterpart of your own motion backward, in intensity and duration. It is useless to dwell on this subject, or to adduce the familiar illustration that it admits of. It is a simple proposition of mechanical equilibrium, and any one who is conversant with such subjects will assent to it."

These are valuable hints, precious elements of knowledge, to all equestrians; and we hope all our young readers who are learning to ride will pay particular attention to them.

Our officer does not give many particular directions about the seat, thinking that good handling is the *cause*, and good and graceful sitting the *consequence* of good riding. He also thinks—and he is perfectly right—that there is a peculiar seat proper to many different styles of riding; the extremes being, the manege and the eastern styles, both admirable in their way, and perfectly practical, but each wholly inapplicable to the performances of the other. In leaping, he says, the rider had better content himself with sitting quietly on his horse, holding him only just enough to keep his head straight and regulate his pace, and trusting the rest to his horse's honor. The body should not previously be thrown back: but, as the horse springs, the lower part of the rider being firmly fixed in the saddle, and the upper part perfectly pliable, the body will fall back of itself. And with strong jumping horses, or at down leaps, the shoulders of fine riders will constantly meet their horses' croupes. The more vertical the thigh, the greater the strain in taking this position:—the disciples of the Duke of Newcastle would break in two in the performance.

Having mentioned Newcastle, the great master and model of equestrians in the seventeenth century, we are tempted to give Clarendon's account of that accomplished nobleman. We do not think much of his school of riding, or of his pedantic book on that subject; but we should be glad if a taste for horses and the stable, in our days, were accompanied, as in his case, by a taste for other pursuits.

"He was," says Clarendon, "a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding; in which his delight was. Besides that, he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greater part of his time."

We fear that few, very few of our sporting gentlemen, are amorous either of poetry or music.

Our author has a few words about the length of the stirrup. He says that the manege length should be shortened by a hole or two for the soldier, to give him power with his weapons; that the soldier should take up his stirrups a hole or two when he goes hunting; the hunter a hole or two when he rides a race; and that for *tours de force*, the short stirrup leather and broad stirrup iron of the east are indispensable. They give, in fact, the strength of the standing, instead of the strength of the sitting, posture.

"The cossack retains this standing posture, even at a trot. Few eastern horsemen allow that pace at all, but make their horses walk, amble, or gallop. It is singular that of all people the English only rise in the stirrup in trotting. It is not so singular that most European nations are beginning to follow their example. The English hunting seat is, in point of length, the medium of those mentioned; and perhaps that seat, or something between that and the military seat, is the best adapted to common riding. It unites, in a greater degree than any other, ease, utility, power, and grace. The most perfect exemplification of this seat is Lord Cathcart's"

The next passage is excellent. We particularly request attention to the parts we have marked in italics.

"A bad horseman throws his horse down, which a good one does not. That is, because the horseman hurries his horse over hard or rough ground, or down hill, or over loose stones; allows him to choose his own ground; lets him flounder into difficulties, and, when there, *hauls him so that he cannot see, or exert himself to get out of them;* and, expecting chastisement, the horse springs to avoid it, before he has recovered his feet, and goes down with a tremendous impetus. If he has to cross a rut to the right, he probably forces his horse across it, when the right foot is on the ground. In this case, unless the horse collects himself and jumps—if he attempts to step across it—*the probability is, that in crossing his legs he knocks one against the other and falls.* The reverse of all this should be the case. If you have not sufficient tact to feel which of your horse's feet is on the ground, you must allow him to choose his own time for crossing, which will be when the left foot is on the ground. You should habitually choose your horse's ground for him, for, notwithstanding his often-vaunted sagacity and safety, the wisest among horses *will, to avoid a moving leaf, put his foot over a precipice.* This will become as easy to you as choosing your own path when walking. *If your horse has made a stumble, or is in difficulty, you cannot leave him too much at liberty, or be too quiet with him.* The only notice to be taken is to reassure him by caressing him, if you see that he expects chastisement from previous brutal treatment. I will add, that you should also habitually prevent your horse out-walking, or lagging behind, his companions. *He is either very unsociable, or a bad horseman, who does not keep abreast of his companions.*

London Metropolitan, for June.

THE CORNER STONE OF THE AVON THEATRE.

Norfolk, June 19.—The corner stone of the new theatre which is about to rise in our town was laid in the afternoon of Monday in the presence of a great concourse of people. As our readers are advised, the site of the theatre is the lot fronting the public square on the east, and is, perhaps, one of the best positions that could be selected, not only for the full effect of the building itself in an architectural view, and the readiness of access to it from every part of the town, but, what is important in a local light, for the impulse which the erection of such a sctruure cannot fail to give to improvement in its vicinity.

At five o'clock the procession was formed at French's Hotel of the citizens generally and of the public bodies, societies, and individuals, according to the annexed programme:—

His Honor the Mayor, Court and Common Council of the Borough of Norfolk.
The High Sheriff.
Commodore Warrington and the officers of the station.
The Chamber of Commerce.
The British Consul.
The French Consul.
Norfolk Rifle Company of Volunteers.
Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.
Norfolk Juniors.
Norfolk Masonic Lodge No. 1.
Norfolk Napthali Lodge No. 56.
Norfolk Benevolent Mechanic Society.
Norfolk Independent Society of Odd Fellows.
The Selectmen of Portsmouth.
Portsmouth Rifle Company of Volunteers.
do. Grenadiers do.
do. Cavalry do.
do. Artillery do.
do. Greys do.
Portsmouth Naval Lodge, No. 100.
Portsmouth Society of Odd Fellows.
St. John's Lodge, No. 36, Richmond.
Richmond Randolph Lodge, No. 19, do.
Richmond Lodge, No. 10, do.
M. W. Wm. A. Patterson, G. M., do.
R. W. Wm. Mitchell, Jr., P. G. M., do.
R. W. Rob't. Scott, P. G. M., do.

When the procession reached the site of the theatre, and was arranged, Mr. George Jones, to whose zeal in behalf of the Drama the whole design is to be attributed, and who had been selected to deliver the address at the dedication, performed his duty in a manner creditable to himself, and acceptable to his audience.

The dedicational address, delivered by Mr. George Jones, as Chairman of the Building Committee, was to the following effect:—The speaker made (as an exordium) a happy allusion to the day celebrated (17th of June), as one upon which the foundation Stone of the Temple of Liberty was laid, and that the motto of Washington—"In time of peace prepare for war," had not been neglected, as the ceremony this morning witnessed,—that of launching into the bosom of the deep one of those beautiful specimens of Naval Architecture, testified to ocular demonstration. "We are now assembled," he continued "to assist in laying the foundation stone of a Temple dedicated to Literature—a Temple that claims for itself the distinction of a Public Institution—that comes forward in the broad light of day to demand those honors due to a public Institution—honors given freely to it in Europe and America—an institution making no war upon Society, and only dreaded by those who fear to have their follies and vices ridiculed or exposed" He then alluded to the historical facts of the corner stones of Covent Garden Theatre, London, Tremont Theatre, Boston, American Theatre, New Orleans, &c., having been laid with public ceremonies. In defence of the character of the Drama, he made a powerful appeal in citing the attendance at theatres of George Washington, and of Chief Justice Marshall, as being one of the original owners of the Richmond Theatre, since called, from that fact, the "Marshall Theatre." "The Avon Theatre," he continued, "is understood to be a branch, in every respect, of the establishment at Richmond. The edifice about to be raised above the corner stone, will be reared by Public Opinion, as the list of subscribers will testify." The speaker then called upon the citizens to protect the character of the Institution when completed, that protection to be shown at the very onset, by scorning down, with every mark of disapprobation, any approach to insult, by vulgarity, the feelings of the audience. He then announced the hope that the Avon Theatre would be ready for dramatic performance by Sept. 15th, the Anniversary of the founding of the Borough of Norfolk.

The Corner Stone, inclosing a copper box, was then adjusted. The copper box deposited in the ceremonial stone, contains the following donations and records:—

The Shakspeare Jubilee Silver Medal, (mentioned in our Monday's paper, as having been presented by Mr. George Jones),—on the obverse of the Medal is a profile likeness of the Poet, around which is the motto from his favorite Tragedy, "*We shall not look upon his like again.*" The reverse of the medal contains the subjoined:

JUBILEE
At Stratford in Honor and to the Memory of
SHAKSPEARE.
Sept'r, 1769.
D G. (*David Garrick.*)
Steward.

The 'rainbow-colored' ribbon attached to the Medal, is also the same as originally worn at Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1769.

A splendid edition of the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare was also presented by Mr. George Jones.

The box likewise contains an engraved Portrait of Shakspeare; the Declaration of Independence; the Arms of the thirteen original States, &c.; Portrait of Washington; A Copy (on parchment) of the record of the original meeting of the Subscribers, whereby the institution was created.

The coins deposited were a Gold Eagle of the first mintage of the U. S.; an American Silver Dollar and the fractional parts; a silver coin of George IV., as the original patron of the Shakspeare Institute of Stratford-upon-Avon; a silver coin of his successor William IV., and a beautiful silver coin (first mintage) of the present youthful Sovereign of England; and the Silver Plate deposited, contains the following inscription:

This Public Institution,
THE AVON THEATRE,
DEDICATED TO THE DRAMA,
and
The Corner Stone laid June XVII,
A. D, MDCCCXXXIX.
Miles King, Mayor of the Borough—Henry Woodis, Pres't of the Council.
Trustees of the Institution.
John N. Tazewell, James H. Johnston,
John G. Colley, Richard Dickson,
E. O. Balfour, James F. Hunter.
Building Committee.
C. W. Newton, George Jones,
Willoughby Butt.
Treasurer—Fred'k. W. Southgate.
Architect and Lessee of the Institution—George Jones (Tragedian).

"I consider the Stage as a powerful adjunct to the Pulpit."
Wm. Wirt, of Virginia.

The crowd then dispersed and the masons were left to consolidate their work. As to the New Theatre, we hope and believe that it will be so conducted as to afford to our citizens all the advantages of the drama unmixed with those vices which have too often accompanied it, and have cast a shade over the finest productions of the Comic and Tragic Muse.

Beacon.

ELOPEMENT AND GRETNA GREEN MARRIAGE.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Adeline C. was the fairest, brightest, happiest girl, of the fair, bright and goodly (not Godly) city of Providence. She was the favorite child of a worthy, pious man, who was as universally respected for his noble qualities, as his beautiful daughter was beloved. Mr. C., however, had his peculiarities, the most formidable of which was an over-weening abhorrence of a Theatre, and of every thing and everybody connected therewith. He most cordially hated everything theatrical, and one morning he was nearly sent to his sick bed by the announcement that a house of sin was to be erected and opened under his very nose. He went about among his neighbors and friends, and tried every method his hatred could invent to procure their signatures to a remonstrance against such a proceeding; and by the time he had succeeded in procuring twenty names, the Theatre was erected, and the first performance was announced. Matters progressed very peaceably for a long time, with the theatre and with Mr. C. He of course avoided it; and if perchance business called him to pass the building, he turned his head aside and would not profane his eyes by looking on it.

Adeline well knew her father's antipathy to theatres, but she was possessed of no such unkind feelings. She had once, when on a visit to New York, stolen a peep at the Theatre there; and her heart beat high with hopes of pleasure indeed, when she heard that Providence was to have one too. She longed to visit it, but how was that to be accomplished; as for asking her father to take her, she might as well ask him to drink a glass of brandy, so that was out of the question. Her young friends too, who had visited the place, were daily tormenting her with their ecstatic descriptions of what they had seen and heard—of the gold and silver dresses, and the thunder and lightning, the love making, the marriages, and all that—and then they told of the beautiful actresses, and of the fine looking actors; and of the latter, there was one, the observed of all observers, Mr. A. W. F * * * *,—of him, it is not necessary to say much. He was a fine looking young man, of a good family in this city, who had taken to the Stage from choice, not from necessity. He was a worthy fellow, and in the opinion of all who knew him fully deserved the noble prize which afterwards became his own.

Adeline's imagination was so inflamed by the vivid descriptions of her friends, that she determined to risk all, and visit the forbidden place; and in this she was seconded by her bosom friend, who promised to make her brother secure a private box, where she might see and be unseen. Under pretence of visiting her friend, to pass the evening, she sallied out; and having arranged her attire in the simplest manner, they hied to the theatre, where Adeline soon found herself ensconced behind a curtain, in one of the private boxes, where she had a full view of the stage, and was herself unobserved.

The fear of detection, and the consciousness of having done wrong, at first rather marred her pleasure; but as the play (Romeo and Juliet) proceeded, her whole soul was absorbed in it. Mr. F., who acted the part of Romeo, had caught a glimpse of her beautiful face in the private box, and whenever he dared, his eyes were steadily fixed there, in hopes of again seeing the fair unknown. She too had well noted him; and when in the balcony scene, he, instead of addressing Juliet in the balcony, evidently addressed Adeline in the private box, her heart beat with an emotion the cause of which she could not rightly define. When she left the building that night, she was irretrievably in love, and with an actor too. Her friend who had taken her to the theatre, was soon informed of all that passed that night—of the flying glances stolen, and the rent sighs which had unconsciously escaped from Adeline's bosom. As for Mr. F., he was the happiest of mortals—he was in love over head and ears, and never for an instant dreamed of any opposition to his passion. He found out however who was the object of his passion, and he was rather dumbfounded when he was informed of Mr. C's. particular antipathy against actors. "Love laughs at Lock-smiths," said he, so he would mock in earnest. The next Sunday after seeing Adeline at the Theatre, he saw her at the Church. Again their eyes met, and each drank in deeper draughts of love. At length Cupid contrived to have the lovers meet, but when, and where, and how, I do not feel bound to say:

They met, it was enough—she listened;
'Who listens once, will listen thrice.'

Mr. F. plead and prayed, and vowed, and Adeline listened, blushed and smiled. They parted with pledges of mutual and eternal constancy. [Pass we now six weeks, during which time Mr. F. and Adeline have almost daily met.] One morning Mr. C. was seated with his wife at the breakfast table, and after waiting very impatiently for Adeline's appearance, a servant was despatched to request her instant attendance. He returned, saying, that the door was fast, and although he had knocked, no answer even had been vouchsafed. Mr. C. sprang up stairs, scarce knowing what he did, and with one vigorous kick, the door flew from its hinges, and he saw ———, not Adeline stretched upon her bed. No, he saw the bed smooth and unruffled, having evidently not been fretted the previous night. A note on the pillow caught his eye, and after tearing it open and devouring the contents, with eager eyes, he rushed down stairs, and while essaying to tell his wife of the dreadful mischief which had befallen him, he fell down in strong convulsions. The note which had caused this direful catastrophe, informed him that she was gone to be united to Mr. F. of the Theatre, and prayed for forgiveness, &c. &. When Mr. C. recovered he said nothing for several hours, but sat as one stupified. At length he spoke, but it was only 'My daughter to marry an actor.' The news of course spread like wild fire through the city, and serious were the cogitations therefrom. Some were for having the theatre torn down, others were for tarring and feathering all attached to it. But the young girls laughed and enjoyed it to their hearts content. The penny-a-liners had quite a harvest for a few days. On the Sunday following the elopement, the Church of which Mr. C. was a member was crowded almost to suffocation, for it was rumoured that the Rev. Dr. ——, intended to fulminate his anethemas against the stage and all its followers. Every pew was full but Mr. C's. As yet no one appeared to occupy it. The prayer was finished, and the choir had commenced the first line of the hymn, when in walked Mr. F. arm in arm with his blushing happy bride, and wonder of wonders! immediately behind them followed Mr. & Mrs. C., looking as pleased as their happy daughter, and all entered Mr. C.'s pew. Each one looked upon his neighbour in speechless astonishment. The minister put on his spectacles, and after looking intently for several moments at the group, he seated himself, and was soon observed to tear several leaves from his sermon, (which by the way was that day remarkably short.) The denunciations against the theatre were not pronounced; and, when the service had concluded, Mr. C. and his FAMILY, were surrounded with hundreds of friends, each anxious to express his pleasure at the unexpected, but happy termination of the much talked of affair.

How this came to pass has never been made known, but certain it is, that Mr. & Mrs. F. reside with Mr. C., who intends settling his son in law in business, as soon as his engagement expires with the theatre, seeing 'all is well that ends well.'

Boston Morning Herald, July 3.

MEMS. OF AMERICA.

Mems. of America, by THOMAS ARCHER, Comedian; published by Southgate, Strand; monthly parts, 1s.

No. 1. contains several very interesting tales, of which we have selected the first as a specimen:—

THE SOMNAMBULIST;

OR, A NIGHT WITH ABRAHAM THORNTON.

The Western World, which spreads wide her giant arms to shelter alike the oppressor and the oppressed, where the early pilgrim found a peaceful haven, and the blood-stained regicide a sanctuary, still contains, within its forest depths, the homes of many long forgotten in their father-land; or remembered but as the mourned, or execrated, of the past.

In the autumn of the year 18—, I traversed a portion of that extensive tract, stretching westward from the Alleghany mountains to the vast waters of the Mississippi. I travelled on horseback, and the delights of the daily wild and solitary gallop, more than compensated for the rugged hospitality and comfortless *ménage* of the rude hostleries of the prairie.

It was sunset as I breathed my horse on the brow of a steep hill, and perceived below me, with considerable satisfaction, the habitation designated in my route as my resting place for the night. It was a solitary house, standing about fifty yards from the road, surrounded by all the appurtenances of a flourishing establishment; the proprietor of which combined the profitable employments of innkeeper and agriculturist. An unusual quiet pervaded the place, my loud calls were unheeded, and I looked in vain for the appearance of the "human face divine." I dismounted and advanced towards the door—it was opened at that moment by the landlord—deep grief was depicted in his rugged features: death was within the house; his wife had just breathed her last, and his children were in the fierce grasp of a dangerous and malignant fever. Of course it was no resting-place for me; and with difficulty, amidst the bustle and excitement of the house of mourning, I procured information even as to the means of obtaining a shelter.

"There's Job Harrison," at length said one rough fellow, (who, in the affliction of the family, had appropriated to himself the privilege of questioning me of my "where-about,") "he'll give you a bed for the night, I guess he'll be glad to see a countryman." To my question as to the distance, "Oh," replied he, "just grazes us here; you've only to ride seven miles on the high-road due west, then throw a rifle shot over your left shoulder as you pass the swing-bridge on the swamp, and you're at his place." Having ascertained with such exactness the location of my countryman, I had no more to do but mount and away; and following the direction of my informant, which, however unintelligible to my reader, was perfectly correct, after half an hour's hard riding, I found myself approaching, through a thickly-wooded plantation, the residence of Job Harrison.

It was a large substantial building, more like an English farm-house than any I had seen in this part of the country; I knocked loudly at an outer gate, and was answered by a negro, to whom I consigned my horse, and walked up at once to claim the hospitality of the proprietor. He advanced to meet me; I told my story; and with a constrained civility, and rather an ungracious manner, he bade me welcome.

He preceded me into what appeared to be the common sitting room, and arousing a woman who was sleeping in an arm-chair by the fire, roughly ordered her to bring refreshments, and prepare a bed for my accommodation.

I had now leisure to observe the extreme peculiarity of his appearance: he was a man not exceeding forty years of age, cast in a gigantic mould, and had been at one time of his life excessively corpulent; but now his flesh hung loosely, and gave a tremulous motion to his whole frame, which seemed wasting beneath an unnatural and premature decay, whilst it fell, like dewlaps, from each side of his heavy, sallow, and unmeaning countenance: his hair was silvery white; but his eye, the only feature which redeemed him from disgusting ugliness, was bright and sparkling. Yet strange and unpleasant as was his appearance, he excited an interest in me for which I could not account, further than by a vague idea that I had seen him before; his sepulchral tones seemed familiar to my ear, connected with some circumstance of horror, the particulars of which (like a dream we strive in vain to recollect) I could not embody.

His conversation was coarse, although not illiterate; he asked me some questions about English affairs, but they were principally confined to agricultural subjects. An excellent supper was placed upon the table by the female whose slumber I had disturbed, with the exception of the negro who had taken charge of my horse, the only domestic I saw about the premises. Although everything bespoke plenty, even to profusion, an air of gloom and desolation pervaded the whole establishment, which seemed reflected on the lowering brow of my moody and disagreeable host. Brandy and other spirits were placed upon the table, of which he drank largely, but they produced no exhilirating effect upon his spirits. In the course of conversation he asked me of what county in England I was a native, and on my replying Warwick, he looked at me wildly, and slightly removed his chair; I took no notice of his emotion, but proceeded to state that I was born in the immediate vicinity of the village of Erdington: a livid hue passed over his pale cheek, and his eye flashed on me with an expression of terror and defiance; at that instant the female entered, and, in a grumbling tone, hinted at the lateness of the hour: I requested to be shown to my apartment, and, bidding him good night, gladly availed myself of the opportunity of retiring.

She conducted me up a flight of stairs into a large and convenient room, on a level with a verandah surrounding the house, placed a candle on the table, and bidding me, in an emphatic tone, to lock my door! left me to my reflections.

There was something in this woman's manner as disagreeable as her master's; and her last words, blended with his strange conduct, produced in me a feeling of uneasiness.

I had no inclination for sleep; I was fevered, and felt as if the cool night air would relieve me: the communication with the verandah was from the passage; I unlocked the door, which I had fastened according to her direction; it opened outwardly, but was obstructed by some heavy body, which I found to be a piece of furniture, evidently placed there to prevent my egress! it yielded however to the force I applied, and I passed out into the verandah.

The moon shed her silvery light through the tall pine-forest, and no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the rustling of the crisp decaying leaf, yielding to the chill breeze of autumn. It was a scene of wild and majestic beauty, but its gloom aroused a train of thoughts which had been whirling in my brain, and seemed, in their complicated machinery, to be developing some hideous drama in which I was to bear a part. At length, finding myself drowsy, I returned to the room, and resolving to frustrate any attempt at confining my actions (which appeared to be intended), I left the door unlocked, which was immediately opposite the bed, on which I flung myself partially undressed, taking the precaution of placing my pistols under my pillow.

Overpowered by fatigue and excitement, I slept; but my dreams were wild and startling: I was in England—I was on the ocean; at last I thought I was in a court of justice, and arraigned for murder; I heard the charge recapitulated, and the usual question of guilty or otherwise. "Not guilty," I replied. "Not guilty!" echoed a deep sepulchral voice, which awoke me at once from my restless sleep. I grasped a weapon, whilst the life-blood rushed startlingly to my heart; for there—within a foot of the bed—full in the pale moonlight—with no covering but his disordered night-gear—stood the ghastly form of my mysterious host! My finger was on the trigger, when I perceived by the fixed glare of his dark eye, he slept.—"Not guilty!" repeated the fearful somnambulist, making an action as if drawing a glove upon his right hand, and flinging its fellow upon the floor; then, raising his form to its full height, whilst a smile of demoniacal triumph curled his pale lip, he stalked slowly from the room!

I locked the door, and breathed freely again; I was right in my conjecture; my dream seemed to have aided my memory, and every circumstance came clearly to my recollection. It was in a court of justice I had seen this man, whose crime (dark as his escape from its consequence was extraordinary) had stained the annals of my native country; and in the strange action rehearsed in sleep, I recognised the judicial form of the gladiatorial law, of which he was the latest claimant.

I was dressed with the first ray of morning. The woman was up. I declined taking any breakfast, but, leaping on my horse, galloped rapidly from the contaminating atmosphere that seemed to hang around the domicile of

ABRAHAM THORNTON.

NOTE.—On the 5th of August, 1817, Abraham Thornton was capitally indicted at the Warwick Assizes, for the wilful murder of Mary Ashford, near the village of Erdington, under most aggravated circumstances.

From some discrepancy in the evidence, he was acquitted, but again taken into custody on an "Appeal of Murder," prosecuted by William Ashford, the brother and heir-at-law of the deceased.

The prisoner Thornton is thus described:—"He was about twenty-five years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and of a ferocious and forbidding aspect. His natural thickness was greater than common, but excessive corpulency had swollen his whole figure into a size rather approaching deformity. His face was swollen and shining, his neck very short and thick, but his limbs were well proportioned. He was a great adept in gymnastic games, and accounted one of the strongest men in the country; so athletic was his form, that his arm-pits did not possess the usual cavities, but were fortified with powerful ligaments."

He, conscious of the decided advantage which his uncommon personal strength would give him over the dwarfish and delicate frame of the Appellant Ashford, had determined on availing himself of the barbarous privilege extended to him by the antiquated and absurd law under which he stood appealed, known as "*Trial by Wager of Battle.*"

On the 17th of November the proceedings were resumed in the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, London, where the Sheriff of Warwick appeared with Thornton as his prisoner. When, in the proceedings of this day, he was asked, in the form of the court, if guilty or otherwise, Mr. Reader, one of his counsel, put into his hand a slip of paper, from which he read "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body." Mr. Reader likewise handed him a pair of large gauntlets or gloves, one of which he put on, and the other, in pursuance of the old form, he threw down for the appellant to take up. It was not taken up. And thus did the rigid application of the law a second time snatch this man from the punishment which, even on his own admission of guilt, he had so fully incurred.

Finding himself an object of dread and terror in the neighborhood of his family, he, a few months after his liberation, succeeded in disguise in procuring a passage to America.

See Criminal Trials.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

In February, 182—, I was lieutenant of the good ship Pallas, Captain Arnaud The Pallas was a large three-master belonging to my father, by whom she was freighted and despatched for the Gulf of Mexico.

As we neared the latitudes of Bahama, we experienced some gales from the north-west, which were sufficiently violent to announce the approach of a storm; but these intimations created not the less uneasiness, because the gales were in favor of our course, and caused us to make unusually rapid way.

There is always great danger of striking on the rocks in approaching Bahama in blowing weather, and as son of the owner I did not hesitate to advise the captain to alter his course, and bear up for St. Domingo. To do him justice, he twice attempted to do so; but the weather growing rapidly worse and worse drove us far out of our course, and to westward. Towards evening, when the weather had considerably improved, we found ourselves in sight of the isles Berris and Abaco. Here it would have been our most prudent course to have taken shelter until the following morning; for, though the wind had greatly abated the horizon was exceedingly heavy and threatening. Unfortunately our captain's prudence was by no means his most remarkable virtue. "Go ahead!" was his motto under all circumstances and at all times; and though he was allowed to be as good a seaman and as active and brave a man as ever boxed compass, he was so utterly and incurably reckless, that, previous to this voyage, he had lost no fewer than three vessels, and, much as he was respected for his better qualities, it was with difficulty that he could persuade seamen to ship with him.

I had the middle watch that night, and though I must confess that I was not entirely pleased with the aspect of the heavens, I saw no appearance of any immediate and alarming danger.

When I was relieved from the watch the wind was not particularly heavy, but the horizon had for some time been more and more threatening. I went below with no pleasant anticipations as to the weather we should experience, as will be seen by the entry I made in the log, under the head of *Observations*. "Great symptoms of an approaching tempest in the north-west; sea very heavy; standing on in the same course."

As I entered my cabin the captain sang out, "Well, Daumont, how's the weather?"

"Faith, captain, I don't half like it; the breeze keeps falling, the north-west is as black as ink; but, in obedience to your orders, I have kept all sails as you left them."

"And very right too, Daumont; we have all the need in the world to make the most of all the little wind that we have remaining. If there does come a stiffish breeze from the north-west, it will not last above ten minutes; it's the fair weather wind of these latitudes; but you are a veritable *always furl all*, my dear boy! You'll be more liberal of canvass, and more sparing of clews, when you have sailed a few years longer, and feel less inclined to make all snug every time you see a black spot in the horizon!"

"To say the truth, captain, if I had made all snug now, I think I should have only acted wisely."

"Bah! never fear. What says the lead?"

"Three and a half, captain."

"And you have left word with the officer of the watch to bring up, if it goes to two and a quarter?"

"I have, captain"

"All right; and now for a good hard-working sleep. Good night!"

And so saying, he shoved off to his other side, and went to sleep, as confident in the safety of the good ship as though she had been riding at anchor, or heaved down in dry dock for repairs; while I, very far from feeling any of his security, threw myself into my cot without taking off my clothes, and, in spite of my fatigue, was unable to sleep. In about an hour afterwards, I heard the sails flap against the masts, the ship rolled heavily, and it was clear enough to me that we were in a dead calm. I hastened on deck: the night was pitch dark.

"I have reefed topsail and mainsail," said Sarlat, the officer of the watch, "and made all ready to come to anchor; for if we have not a storm from the north-west, I never saw a storm—that's all."

"I think exactly as you do, and you had better rouse out the captain.

Alas! brave, active, and skilful as the captain unquestionably was, our gallant ship was in a position that defied even his exertions to save her from destruction. The storm I had anticipated arose with even a more terrible rage and power than I had pictured in my worst fears. Our sails were torn out of their reefs, and blown to ribbons in a few minutes: our rudder, chains and all, was carried away, and the mizen mast went by the board with a tremendous crash, killing in its fall the captain and several of the crew.

During the whole remainder of this most awful night we were driven about in deep darkness, and at the mercy of the wind, which blew from every point of the compass by turns. At length we struck, and the daylight which dawned just after showed us that our wreck lay upon a sand-bank, projecting far into the sea from a sandy and sterile island, on which we could discern no signs of vegetation, save some rank grass, dotted here and there with slender and sickly-looking aloes, and which I took to be one of those desert and mischievous isles, to which the Spaniards have given the name of *Los Roques*, and on which so many good ships have been cast away.

Upon this dreary island I and the ten survivors of the crew succeeded in landing, with a very scanty supply of food and some brandy, only a short time before the Pallas went to pieces.

As I was now the highest in rank, my first care was to serve out a ration of food and brandy, and to enforce my order that no one should touch a drop of the latter beyond the small quantity allotted to him. I feigned a confidence which I was far enough from feeling, and gave the men the most positive assurances that their sojourn in this miserable place would be but a very brief one.

About mid-day the wind abated, as I judged it would; for it seemed impossible that so furious a storm as that by which the Pallas had been destroyed could hold out much more than four-and-twenty hours. As soon as the storm had subsided, we employed ourselves in planting one of the masts which providentially had been washed ashore, and attached part of a sail to it, to attract the attention of any vessel that might chance to pass within sight of us. This done, we made ourselves the best shelter we could, and sought refreshment in sleep; sad, indeed, as we thought of our wrecked vessel and our unfortunate captain and messmates, but thankful that we had succeeded, after so much peril and suffering, in gaining such a shelter as was afforded by this sterile island.

Again and again we saw morning break in hope, and night fall in a disappointment approaching to despair; on the fourth morning, to our inexpressible delight, the man whose turn it was to look out hailed us with the welcome cry—"A sail! A sail within a mile of us!"

How vain would be any endeavour to depict the agony of mingled hope and fear with which we all watched every manœuvre of the ship; and the rapture of joy with which we saw her suddenly alter her course and bear down to us, having evidently descried our signal!

Having gradually taken in her sails, she cast anchor as near the island as she could approach with safety, and sent off a boat for us.

She proved to be an American, bound for New Orleans. Her captain welcomed us upon his deck with the frank and hearty cordiality for which the manners of his nation are so remarkable, and, setting sail towards evening, we bade adieu to the scattered wreck of the ill-fated vessel which had borne us from the shores of Europe, only to cast us, bruised, helpless, and almost despairing, upon a desert isle.

On board the American we received the kindest and most liberal treatment; and though we were much annoyed and delayed by contrary winds, we were safely landed on the eighth day at New Orleans.

New Orleans is undoubtedly one of the handsomest cities it has ever fallen to my lot to look upon, though I have, in my time, visited many. Its streets are wide, and furnished with excellent pavements, and in every direction limpid streams of water carry coolness, and preserve that cleanliness which is at once so important and so rare in warm countries. The houses, of an elegant style of building, have, for the most part, attached to them richly furnished shops, attractive equally for their brilliant goods and the beauty of the women who are found there.

To a Frenchman this city is especially attractive, for everything that he sees or hears serves to remind him of that country whose very name calls up so many and such delightful reminiscences. The street in which he takes up his residence has a French name, his host is from France himself, or, at the very least, of French parentage; and if he wish to fancy himself suddenly transported back to his beloved Paris, he has only to find some excuse for making his way into a Magasin des Modes, or some other temple of luxury.

But I must not dwell more at length upon the aspect of this city of beauty, and of luxurious enjoyment.

The French Consul received me and my companions in adversity most kindly on our arrival at New Orleans; and on our depositing with him sworn statements of our misfortunes, means of support were allowed to us until some opportunity should offer of our returning to France. I had not been long in my state of enforced idleness at New Orleans, however, before I was enabled to dispense with the pecuniary aid of the consul; for I found out one of my father's wealthiest correspondents, who warmly pressed me to avail myself of both his purse and his credit.

It is with no small shame and regret that I feel myself obliged to confess that at that period I was passionately, I might almost say insanely, attached to that most pernicious and fascinating of all the evil pursuits of extravagant youth—gaming. This has been the primary cause of some of the worst miseries I have experienced.

My companions, being only too happy to give their services as seamen for their passage to France, and their subsistence during the voyage, speedily left New Orleans. But, freely supplied as I was by my father's correspondent with whatever money I asked for, I could not persuade myself so soon to quit the scene of so much gaiety and luxury. Banquets, balls, and the theatre, occupied the majority of my waking hours; and these and the gaming-table consumed immense sums of money, which, intimately connected as were my father and his correspondents at New Orleans, I did not for a moment hesitate to draw from the latter on the credit of the former. At length, however, even the liberality of which I had so many proofs was fairly tired out by my profuse and senseless expenditure. At first the worthy correspondent merely admonished me by the coldness of his tones and the gravity of his countenance; but, at length, perceiving that my extravagance continued wholly unchecked, he reproached me with my folly, and plainly told me that he considered he should act with gross injustice towards my father, if he continued to supply me with money to throw away in such vicious and injurious pursuits.

Certainly New Orleans is as bad a city as a gambler can find upon the face of the earth. At almost every step he takes, he sees the doors of a gaming-house standing invitingly open, and the gambler is by no means remarkable for his ability to resist temptation.

Though I had lost immense sums, I continued to play on; for, with the true fascination of a gambler, I confidently expected that some sudden and miraculous change of fortune would not only repair all my losses, but also repay them with interest. Having obtained a fresh supply of money from our correspondent, and been reproached by him with even more than usual asperity and plainness, I mentally resolved to try my fortune with the dice once more, and, whether winning or losing, never again to ask a single coin from my kind friend. I was too young and giddy then to perceive that, in seeking to wean me from my bad habits, he showed even more kindness than he showed in his liberal advances of money.

On the very day on which I made this resolution I was walking along the Fauxbourg Marigny, reflecting with anything but pleasurable feelings upon a heavy sum which I had lost on the preceding evening, when I saw written on a sign that swung in the wind before a tolerably respectable looking shop, "*Larenzo, Perruquier Coiffeur.* Anything for a change! So I entered to have my hair dressed.

The shop, to my great surprise, was crowded, and that, too, by men who did not look as though they were much accustomed to employing a hairdresser. The countenances of most of these men had a singularly suspicious expression, and their air was that of banditti; their appearance rendering them the more strikingly repulsive, from their being decked out with extremely expensive attire. At the time, perhaps, I did not pay so much attention to the contrast between the natural traits and apparel of these men: subsequent events have only too vividly impressed it upon my mind.

I took a seat on entering the shop, and its master hastened to attend me. He was a man of about the middle height, and stout without being excessively so, and there was something singular in his glance, which never for a moment fixed itself upon the person to whom he spoke; his lips were thin, and, when he was silent, very strongly compressed; his nose small and pinched, his complexion very dark, and his accent Brazilian. Such was the attendant who invited me to follow him into a private apartment—a compliment which I did not doubt was paid to my gentlemanly appearance. As he proceeded to operate upon my hair he said, "I rather think I have had the pleasure of seeing el signor before to-day?"

"Me! And where may you fancy that you have seen me before now, Master Lorenzo?"

"Why, I rather think I stood close to you at a gambling-house last night."

"Very possibly," returned I, drily; "it is such a nuisance to meet elsewhere the low wretches we associate in those dens of iniquity and ruin."

After a very brief pause he then continued, "El signor is a stranger here, I think?"

"Exactly so; but don't twist my hair so confoundedly."

"A thousand pardons! and el signor is a sailor?"

"Umph! perhaps so!" answered I, still more drily than before, for I began to suspect that this inquisitiveness boded me no especial advantage.

"Oh! I could have sworn to that from some words you spoke last night. But do not for an instant imagine that I have asked the question to gratify an idle curiosity; quite the contrary—it is for your own benefit that I have spoken. You are a foreigner; that you have played with extremely ill luck I have myself seen, and there is no ship here at present bound for Europe. Now I fancied that, putting all these circumstances together, it was by no means unlikely that a good berth in a good ship, commanded by as good a seaman as ever trod the rattlins, might be as agreeable an offer to you as one could well make. But pray excuse me if I have made a mistake."

"O, no apologies—no apologies, Master Lorenzo; but, instead of wasting time upon them, pray let me know who is this extremely smart seaman, and whither he is bound."

"He is one of my nephews; and he commands an excellent brig, bound for Point a Pitree *via* Havannah. Being himself a Frenchman, I know that he is very desirous of having as many as possible of his crew of that nation. If you will speak with him I am sure he will give you your passage for your services, and once at Pointe a Pitre, you will have no difficulty in getting a passage to Europe."

"And in what quality can I be shipped by your nephew?" asked I, paying more attention to my informant than I had at first deemed it worth while to bestow upon him.

"Ah! there is the difficulty, for, to say the truth, I doubt if you can be shipped otherwise than before the mast."

"The devil! Nevertheless I thank you for the offer, and, to say the truth, I may very soon be happy to accept of it. If so, where can I find your nephew?"

"He is now up the river; but if you return here in five or six days, you will not fail to meet him."

"Good; and now what have I to pay?"

"O," replied he with a singular smile, "as we shall meet again, we shall have time enough to talk about such a trifle as that."

"Good!" returned I again, and taking my leave of him, I walked out.

As I strolled along, I reflected upon the offer he had made me. True, it would be no pleasant thing for me, an officer, to serve before the mast, and that too in some beggarly merchantman, manned by blackguards probably, and no less probably commanded by a lubber; but at all events it would be an evil of no long duration. On the other hand, the countenance of my informant was so unprepossessing! The nephew of such a man must be a very undesirable shipmate, and how much more undesirable a captain! Yet, when all was said, what concern had I in the beauty or deformity in the countenance of a perfect stranger? No doubt, his nephew, finding some difficulty in getting a crew together, had offered him a commission upon every man he could engage. What more common ! Once more, then, I was resolved to tempt the blind goddess ; I could but lose all the money I had left ; and then hey for novelty—before the mast !

For two whole days I played with unvarying success ; on the third day I was in one single hour stripped to my very last sixpence !

Notwithstanding the concentration and fury with which, during this luckless hour, I devoted my attention to my game, I could not help remarking from time to time the singular appearance of a man who stood opposite to me. Athletic, almost colossal in frame, he had a hardy, stern countenance ; and his dark and flashing eyes were shaded, almost buried in his bushy and overhanging eyebrows. What chiefly drew my attention towards this man, however, was the indifference with which he seemed to look upon a goodly pile of gold which stood before him on the table. How, thought I, should I have been enraptured to have won a tithe of what, now that he has won it, he seems to think scarcely worth taking up ! Apparently he was as much interested by my losses as I by his gains ; for, whenever I for a moment looked up, I was sure to find him looking at me. His lips wore a smile of pity, or, as I thought, of contempt, when my last coin was staked, lost, and swept away by the banker's rake ; and when, in despite of my utmost endeavours to appear unmoved, my countenance, no doubt, pretty eloquently expressed my rage and disappointment. At this moment another player approached this man, and spoke to him ; and in this other player I at once recognised my acquaintance, Master Lorenzo, of the Fauxbourg Marigny. What were the words he uttered, I of course knew not ; but from that moment he to whom they were spoken stared at me more stedfastly than ever. I was at that time tolerably choleric and sudden, even in my very best moods ; and it will easily be supposed that, having lost my last coin, and thus placed myself under the disagreeable necessity of becoming, no matter for how short a time, a common sailor, did not by any means tend to improve my temper. From being surprised at the stranger's scrutiny, I at length became annoyed ; and being a good deal more than half inclined to make his impertinence the subject of a quarrel, I stared at him in return, and maintained my gaze with the same kind of perseverance which he had shown. As if he perceived my drift, he shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and turned his back upon me. On his doing this, I quitted my place at the table, resolving to call him to account on the instant ; but before I had taken three steps towards him, I felt a slight tap on my shoulder, and, turning hastily round, was accosted by Lorenzo.

"I am delighted to find you here," said he, "for I can now introduce you to my nephew. He also is here."

"Thank you, thank you ; I shall be at your service in a minute ; but I must first have a word with a very impertinent person."

"Ah ! have you been affronted ? But perhaps you only fancy so ; for I dare wager you have not been so lucky to-day as you were yesterday and the day before."

"It may be so ; nay, I am sorry to say it is so ; but pray how do you chance to know whether I won or lost yesterday, when you were not here ?"

"O !" replied he with a smile, "that makes no difference ; I know a good many things that I do not see. But hold, here comes my nephew, and you and he can make your bargain at once."

"What ! is that your nephew !"

And as I somewhat sharply uttered these words, I felt but little pleased with the prospect of being compelled to associate with the man whom, but for Lorenzo's detaining me, I should at that very moment have been endeavouring at least to chastise.

The nephew being now quite close to us, Lorenzo, instead of replying to me, turned to him, and said, in a rough tone, and examining me from head to foot—

"O ! is this your sailor, Lorenzo ?"

"The same, Stamar."

"He has rather too much of the dandy about him to be worth much as a sailor."

Annoyed both by his words and the manner in which they were spoken, I replied, "Dandy or not, I know my business ; moreover, I shall not engage myself unless I see fit, so that a little more politeness on your part may not be quite thrown away.

"O ! you take offence rather quickly. Undoubtedly I can only have your services if you think fit ; so let us come to business at once. Will you ship with me, aye or no ?"

I did not like this man's appearance, and his insolent and sneering manner stung me to the quick ; but it was absolutely necessary, now, that I should work my passage ; and what need I care about the manner or appearance of a man with whom I should have only so brief an acquaintance ? My resolution was taken ; and I answered him in the affirmative.

"Good," said he ; "frankly said, and a bargain soon struck And now for terms. You will go on board to-morrow. You will easily find my brig, which is moored by herself in the offing. We shall sail three days hence ; besides your passage and provision, I shall give you wages at the rate of twenty piastres per month, for which I shall expect smart seamanship and plenty of work ; and as I judge you are pretty well cleared out, why here are two months' pay in advance."

"Handsome treatment, I must confess, captain," said I ; "but is it distinctly understood that I shall be free to quit your brig as soon as we reach Guadaloupe ?"

"Undoubtedly !" replied he, with one of those strange smiles which so oftent curled his lips, as well as those of Lorenzo ; and wishing me good day, he quitted the room. As he went out I distinctly heard him say to Lorenzo, "I doub it's but a so-so acquaintance you have made for me." At the time, the only meaning I could attach to these words was, that the captain expected but little nautical skill from a man fashionably dressed, as I then was ; and without bestowing any farther thought upon him or his opinion, I once more approached the table, hoping in this last attempt to regain my losses. Fortune, however, had smiles only for my opponents ; and, when I at length left the house, I did so without a single fraction of the two months' pay which had been advanced to me by Captain Stamar.

On the following morning, at an early hour, I presented myself to my father's kind and liberal correspondent, and announced to him that I had obtained a berth, and was about to return to Europe.

"So much the better," said he ; "for the life you have led here must have been as ruinous to you, as I can sincerely say it has been distressing to me. With whom do you sail ?"

"Captain Stamar."

"Captain Stamar ! Do you really mean to sail with him ? Why, the man is, according to all accounts, a most daring smuggler ; and though he has hitherto escaped, he will undoubtedly be taken some day. In Heaven's name, who put it into your head to sail with such a man as that ?"

I was somewhat puzzled how to frame a reply to this question : it will easily be believed that I did not choose to tell him that I made my bargain with the smuggler in a gambling-house, and had no other recommendation to him than that of a brother gambler. I confined my reply, therefore, to repeating that I had engaged with Captain Stamer, and added that I had even received an advance of pay, and that I should sail with Stamar only as far as Guadaloupe, whence I was quite sure to get a passage to Europe.

"God send that no ill may befal you, my young friend," replied the excellent old man. "You have acted foolishly in engaging with such a man ; rather than you should have done so, I should almost have preferred your continuing your follies here. However, it seems past remedy now, so it's useless to say more about it."

Shaking hands with the worthy man, and cordially bidding him farewell, I hastened to the river, and took a boat to go aboard the good ship the Shark, Captain Stamar.

She was a brig well known, and easily recognised by any one who had once seen her. Never have I seen the craft that excelled her in beauty. Gracefully as some free and wild ocean-bird did she ride upon the waters. The long red line of her portholes swept with an aeriel grace from stem to stern, and her stem was so sharp that the bowsprit seemed rather to terminate than to join it. A seaman could see with half an eye that she could either make fight or show her stern to an enemy, as her commander might think preferable, in a style every way befitting the name she bore. I could have gazed for a whole moon upon her as she lay even with the water, her masts slightly leaning astern, her sails furled without a rumple over her slender yards. On getting alongside I found only two men aboard ; the master, named Cardic, and a sailor named Peters.

"Holla ! what do you want here ?" demanded the master, as I sprang upon deck.

I have engaged with Captain Stamar, and by his orders I have come aboard."

"I know, I know," replied the master merrily ; "and, so as you are here, why here you must remain. Here, Peter's, here's a new messmate for you."

The master was a short square-built man, with very light gray eyes, a monstrous expansion of mouth, a swarthy but beardless face, and a head altogether somewhat more than three times as large as one would have expected to find bestowed on so dwarfish a body. Altogether he was an exceeding oddity.

Peters, the sailor, to whom the master had announced me as a new messmate, was an American of huge size, and no less strength ; he was pretty nearly as red in the face as he was on his head ; he spoke French with great fluency and correctness, and had altogether something very superior in his language and manner to the class of men to which his station assimilated him in costume and condition.

After he had spoken a few words of welcome, he abruptly said, "But what the devil led such a man as you to ship yourself in such a craft as this ?"

Peters's countenance, though at times it looked ferocious enough, was naturally frank and open ; and I did not hesitate to tell him candidly all the circumstances which led me to engage with Stamar ; and I concluded by saying that, having since heard that the captain was rather prone to free-trading, I was not sorry that I had only engaged to remain on board until we should make Guadaloupe.

As I said these last words, Peters burst into a long, loud, and almost convulsive laugh ; then, as if suddenly checked by some painful thought, looked at me with a saddened and pitying glance, and returned to the work which he had left only to speak to me when I was announced by the master.

On the third day the captain came aboard. I had noticed, but without paying any particular attention to the circumstance, that the hatches of our hold were constantly kept battened down ; what astonished me far more was. that now that we were on the very point of weighing anchor, our crew numbered only seven men, the captain being included. Surely, thought I, we are but a scanty crew to navigate such a vessel as this. Peters had by this time become my oracle, and to him I addressed myself for an explanation.

"Are we to sail in ballast, then ?" said I to him, "and are we to take in no more hands ?"

"Yes, and no, Monsieur Daumont !" said the master, before Peters could reply ; "the lading has been complete for some time past, and a ship like this wants no men to work her. Lord love you, she'll sail in the winds eye of her own accord any day in the year."

And so saying, the master went giggling away, not doubting that I should receive his nonsense as it was intended ; to wit, as a hint to mind my own business and ask no questions.

As we were weighing anchor, a boat hailed us and ran alongside. In her sternsheets lay a man who was to all appearance lifeless. Leaving him to the care of their steersman, the two rowers, fellows of sufficiently forbidding aspect, boarded us and addressed themselves to Stamar.

"We have only been able to find one of 'em," said they, "who is in the boat alongside."

"Good ; let him come aboard."

"Yes, captain ; but as he was rather fightable, we have been obliged to stun him before we could persuade him to come with us."

"Ah ! such trifles will happen. Hoist him aboard any how, and there's your money."

So saying, he threw them a heavy purse ; the poor devil who had been so roughly persuaded out of his wits, was rudely hoisted on board ; in a few minutes we were under weigh, and by evening were well out at sea, with a smart breeze whistling through her shrouds.

Just as the evening began to deepen into nightfall, we made a change in our course which caused me great surprise, and not a jot less anxiety. The captain had almost exactly reversed our course, and we were rapidly and evidently making for land. From this I judged that my father's worthy correspondent had spoken only too truly, in calling the captain of the Shark a smuggler, and I fervently, though mentally, invoked the saints to preserve me from any dangers which might attend his present enterprise. To the no small increase of my doubts and anxieties, Peters, usually so friendly and communicative, was now evidently anxious to avoid being alone with me, and, even when he was so, would give no direct answer to my questions.

Towards the middle of the night I was aroused from a light and troubled sleep by a noise upon deck. I had quitted the watch very nearly three hours ; and now, when I silently and stealthily went on deck, I was astonished at seeing that every sail was furled, and that we were riding at anchor at but a short distance from the shore. At least a dozen large boats lay alongside of us, from which a number of men were leaping on board the Shark. That these men were smugglers I at once conjectured ; and I was confirmed in this opinion on seeing them hoist on board several long black packages. To add to my fears and to my regret at forming one of Captain Stamar's crew, I could see abundance of cutlasses and axes, which the new-comers threw upon the deck with a loud clatter, and which I thought a somewhat singular sort of merchandise to be thought worth the risk and trouble of smuggling.

Peters approaching me just at this time, I seized him by the button and questioned him.

"Peters," said I, "what is all this ? What means all this jolly row ? Why have we come to an anchor again so quickly ? above all, who are those men, and what are they doing, or going to do, here ?"

"O ! they are reading your riddle for you. Of course you can see how matters stand with us now," replied he, with a laugh.

Anxious to shut my eyes to the worst part of the truth as long as possible, I answered in a tone of assumed carelessness—

"Perhaps I am not far wrong in guessing that he who told me that our captain is a smuggler, did not greatly deceive me ?"

"A smuggler ! faith, you may safely say that, and a trifle more ! In France, I fancy, they call smugglers of our captain's stamp, skimmers of the sea, rovers, and so on. Yonder you may look upon some very pretty samples of the sort of merchandise which Stamar chiefly delights in smuggling—pikes and pistols, cutlasses and boarding-axes ! And now, Daumont, short as our acquaintance has been, I like you well enough to give you a bit of advice, which you will find it to your interest to attend to. You are one of us, without a chance of escape or rescue ; take matters pleasantly, therefore, at least as far as appearances go ; obey orders, even if in doing so you break owners ; ask no more questions, even of me ; strive all in your power to reconcile yourself to our way of life ; and take my word, founded on my own personal experience, that your conscience will very soon reconcile itself to your making one of the crew of as gallant a pirate as ever rode upon the blue waters."

Having thus spoken, Peters abruptly left me to my own reflections. And bitter indeed they were ! My fate, aided by my folly, had reduced me then to the very lowest rank of humanity. I *was* a pirate ; how soon might I not be compelled to share in the pirate's crimes—to aid, as well as to witness, the pirate's unsparing and devilish cruelty ! Oh, with what horror did I look forward to a life of crime—which would probably only be terminated by a death of ignominy !

Despair, like necessity, is the mother of invention, and the very excess of my misfortune inspired me with boldness to attempt to escape from it. The boats which lay alongside of us were at that moment completely emptied of their crews. Hastily concealing in my bosom the most important of my papers, and especially those which would serve to prove my identity, if I should find it necessary to my safety to do so on reaching land, I glided cautiously from the bow into the nearest boat, and, folding my body and limbs into the smallest possible compass, concealed myself under one of the benches, confidently hoping that I should be rowed to shore unperceived, In this situation I passed nearly an entire hour in a perfect agony of suspense At length the men made their appearance.

"Good luck, Captain Stamar, good luck to you ! We shall soon have another glorious rouse together ; unless, indeed, you chance to dance a rigadoon at the yardarm, with a two-inch rope for a partner !" cried one of them.

"Devil a bit of that !" shouted the master, in reply ; "rather than it should come to that, our captain and his crew will take their last drink with the dolphins."

Two of the strangers now leaped into the boat in which I lay so comfortably, and, as I flattered myself, so securely, concealed, and one of them proceeded to cast off the painter. Before he could do so, however, his companion said—"Avast there, what the devil bundle is this under my bench ? Have we forgotten one of the bags of powder ?"

"Well thought of," replied his companion ; "let us see."

And as he spoke he dealt me a violent kick on my ribs, and then laid his huge dirty hands upon my face.

"Devil take me if it is not a man !" he cried, as he made me rise from my recumbent posture. Slipping from his grasp I laid hold of the Shark's shrouds, and gained the deck. Here I was clutched in the iron grasp of Master Cardic.

"All right," cried he to the men in the boat, "it's Monsieur Daumont, one of the innocent sheep we caught down yonder."

"If I had fairly got hold of that sheep," replied the fellow, in a tone of anger, "I would have so sheared his wool as to teach him better manners for the time to come."

The captain was at this time pacing aft, in company with a man whose gait and figure I fancied I had noticed somewhere else. Dragging me aft, Cardic said, "Captain, here's Monsieur Daumont, who has been hiding in one of the boats, intending to give us the slip."

Stamar was too deeply thinking of more important matters to attend to such a trifle, and he continued his short quick promenade, without deigning a single word of reply. His companion, who was less pre-occupied, or more malignant, stepped up to me ; and I was literally struck dumb with astonishment on recognising in him Lorenzo.

"You must have been more than half silly to hope to escape in one of those boats," said he, with an infernal sneer ; "moreover, even if you could make your escape, you would act very dishonestly in doing so, for we have advanced two months' wages, you know. However, I have not time to reasou with you just now ; so I'll take the next best means of convincing you of the impossibility of escape. Master Cardic, you have such things as irons on board, I think ?"

"Ay, ay, lieutenant."

"Very good ; just accommodate El Signor Daumont with leg-fetters and hand-bolts until to-morrow. By that sime he will most likely have recovered his senses, and I will give further orders."

And the *ci-devant* hairdresser, Lorenzo, now, to my great wonder, lieutenant of the Shark, walked coolly aft to rejoin the captain.

Being unable to find suitable irons on the instant, and being equally unwilling to lose much time, the master had me tied securely hand and foot. and I was then thrown under the bowsprit, to keep company with the poor fellow who had been hoisted aboard in a state of insensibility just before we sailed in the morning, and who had ever since remained in the same state of unconsciousness. Orders were now given to make all sail, the arms and chests of powder remaining on the deck ; and the remainder of the night passed peaceably enough ; though, to me. most uncomfortably, both as to feelings and anticipation.

At daybreak the hoarse voices of Stamar and the master roused out all hands. When we sailed on the previous morning, I could only reckon, as I have already said, seven men ; our captain was surely a clever man, for a full two hundred now mustered upon his deck. Among these I immediately recognized some of the richly dressed and rascally-visaged worthies whom I had noticed in the shop of Lorenzo, when, for my sins, I was first unfortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

When the muster was at an end, the master came forward, and set me at liberty—so far, at least, as freedom of limbs was concerned : and then shouted loudly in the ear of my unconscious companion. He had by this time somewhat recovered from the effects of the liquor with which he had been plied by his kidnappers, and of the blows they had dealt him on the head, when, in the violent but helpless anger of intoxication, he had endeavored to resist them, and the master's stentorian voice roused him so effectually, that he sprang up in haste, and struck his head a very severe blow against the bowsprit, exclaiming, "Ay, ay, sir—ay, ay ! But what's the use of calling me ? I'm dead !" Then, looking about him with a most rueful and bewildered air, he went on—"The devil ! why I verily believe I'm at sea ; and yet, when I went to bed, I'm very sure that I was at the grog-shop of Peter Kandrin, with my messmate, Joseph Marty !"

Loud peals of laughter replied to the *naive* speech of Joseph Marty's messmate.

"Well," said the facetious master, "if you went to sleep at the grog-shop of Peter Kandrin, you have awakened in the hotel of Captain Stamar ; and you are no small gainer by the exchange. You fellows who are standing about there, grinning and showing your teeth enough to frighten my honest friend here, away with you to work. And now, my bo, what name did your friends call you by when you were in Peter Kandrin's grog-shop ?"

"Brissac," replied the poor fellow, who, by this time, trembled in every limb.

"Well, then, Monsieur de Brissac, allow me to inform you that you are on board of one of those swift sailers which take the liberty of boarding everything that comes within sight, for the mere sake of making polite inquiries as to quality and value of cargo. Do you take me ? Are you a seaman ?"

"I flatter myself I am," replied Brissac, who was still too much bewildered to understand the master's ironical description of the character and pursuits of the Shark and her crew.

"Then if you flatter yourself so far, just oblige me by going to the foretop, and giving me a slight specimen of your ability at shaking out a reef."

In a few minutes after this odd interview between the facetious master and the kidnapped sailor, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe and the stentorian tones of the master's deep bass voice summoned all the crew aft, where they were addressed by the captain.

"Messmates," said he, "as regards the greater number of you, "this is not the first time that we have cruised together under the red flag. Except one or two among you, you all know me and my way of enforcing obedience to my orders. Our rules I need not stop to repeat : as for the punishments of the Shark, they are soon learnt." Pointing significantly to the long steel-barrelled pistols which gleamed in his belt, he continued, "As for our battle cry, it will be henceforth, as it always hitherto has been, "Death and plunder !"

"Death and plunder !" echoed a confused multitude of hoarse voices, and the blades of poniards flashed as they were brandished above the heads of the excited freebooters.

"I hope," continued Stamar, "that I have no need to remind you that we must scuttle our ship and sink with her rather than be taken. And now, my lads, to work. Let every thing be put in order upon deck and below as soon as possible, and every gun be got into good working order. Triple rations to every man, if all's done by to-night."

Three hearty huzzas followed this brief speech ; and so well was the day employed, that the triple rations were fairly earned, and as punctually served out that evening. That single day's labor had given the brig a truly piratical and no less formidable aspect. Twelve carronades occupied a double row of portholes, and a long swivel of most formidable calibre turned on its axis a-midship, menacing at will each point of the horizon. Every man now received his small arms, cutlass, and boarding-axe. As Lorenzo gave me mine, he said, with an ironical grin, "I hope, Signor Daumont, that you will make admirable use of this little brace of pistols and the other pretty playthings with which we are so generous as to trust you."

I made no reply ; but a far less keen observer than he might have seen, in the involuntary fierceness of the glance which I gave him, for whom I destined the contents of my pistols, should the day ever arrive when I could use them at my own pleasure. From that moment, without other explanation than that given by our mutual glances of hate and defiance, each knew the other for an enemy whose detestation could only cease when one or both of us should cease to live !

In the course of the day I contrived to speak privately with Peters, who now became a little more communicative upon the deatils of the situation in which we both were placed.

The crew, I now learned, was composed of some of the vilest offscourings of almost every civilized nation under heaven, the Americans and French, however, being by far the most numerous. Peters himself filled the important and confidential post of gunner ; and was especially and exclusively entrusted with the service of the long swivel which, in ironical allusion to the tremendous noise produced by its detonation, Stamar had christened "The Mute," or "Dumby." To have done with details, Peters informed me not only that I was, as was only too evident without his information, one of a pirate crew, but also that I was in the power and under the orders of a pirate whose equal the whole world could not produce, whether for daring, skill, luck, seamanship, or devilish and unsparing cruelty. A blessed situation for a tolerably humane and honest man, and *ci-devant* officer of the legitimate marine of *La Belle France !*

When Peters had arrived at the end of his yarn, which, in fact, was but little more than a mere confirmation of what I had already either observed or divined, I could not suppress an expression of surprise at a man, so superior as he appeared to be, voluntarily associating himself with such a set of coarse and brutal ruffians as the officers and crew of the Shark.

"Pardon me," said he, "voluntarily is not the right word ; you do me injustice, though, of course quite unintentionally, by using that word. I have *not* volunteered into this infamous as well as perilous service. I have been partly dragged and partly deluded into it ; and I continue in it because there is no way of escaping. Fretting would not make my case a bit the better as to the present, or the more hopeful as to the future ; so I endeavor to take things pleasantly—as I would strongly advise you to do henceforth ! For my part, though I have sometimes brought to bear rather too effectively on the poor devils of merchant ships, I have never dipped my hands in any other blood than that of my *dear shipmates*, and that chiefly when they have been a little too ferocious in the fulfilment of their mild duties !"

The triple ration promised by Stamar was eagerly and jovially enjoyed. Some of the crew added a plentiful supply of spirits, which they had brought aboard with them. As the glass passed round, harmony and good will rapidly took their departure ; and I was shortly obliged to be witness to one of those scenes of bloodshed and carnage of which subsequently I saw so many.

Monsieur Brissac, like most Gascon sailors, fancied himself a rather more than middling orator, and was not the least in the world inclined to let slip any opportunity of displaying his abilities in that way. Moreover, having in the course of the day shown that he was a thorough seaman, he had found himself so high in the good opinion of his rude companions, that he was on even better terms than usual with himself—a fact which would seem incredible to any one aware of the usual vanity of Brissac, but not aware of the elasticity of a vain man's self-approving fancy.

Urged on partly by his copious draughts of ardent spirit, and partly by his self-complacent mood, Brissac talked for ten and gesticulated for twenty. To most of his companions his volubility was only a subject for surprise and merry mockery ; but it unfortunately happened that one among them, a Kentuckian of giant proportions and of a mast brutal temper and ferocious aspect, became weary of Brissac's increasing foolery and chatter, and vainly endeavored to bully him into silence. His remonstrances grew louder and more authoritative, as he took deeper and more frequent draughts of ardent liquor, and he at length rose from his seat, and, looking fiercely at Brissac, exclaimed—"*Will* you hold your tongue, you infernal babbler, or will you not ?"

"Eh !" replied Brissac, with the silly smile of a man who is just drunk enough to fancy that he can persuade people to believe that he is perfectly sober, "eh, eh ! are you talking Chinese to me ? *Morbleu !* why your countenance is as red as a cock's comb ! Upon my soul, I could almost suppose that you are in a rage !"

The pirates present at this scene, most of whom happened to be Frenchmen, received this drunken sally of the verbose Gascon with loud and reiterated bursts of laughter. Excited still farther by the laughter of his countrymen, and not for a moment supecting that they laughed rather at than with him, Brissac prepared to pour fourth a new torrent of jocular nonsense, but was prevented by the Kentuckian, who, no longer able to bridle his drunken rage, seized a quart of hot liquor, and dashed it, vessel and all, full in the Gascon's face.

"*Mort de ma vie !* I am blinded !" cried poor Brissac, with a really frightful shriek of rage and agony ; and, seizing a dagger, he rushed upon the Kentuckian, shouting, "Brigand ! assassin ! you shall pay dear for your brutality !"

The Kentuckian stood on his defence, and in a second a deadly battle en sued between them. The French sailors, seeing that the Gascon had all the worst of it, endeavored to drag him away; several American sailors, being at the same time attracted to the spot by the outcry, took part with their countryman, and a general and fierce fight took place. Jugs, bottles, and glasses, were upset and crushed beneath the feet of the furious combatants, and even the appearance of the master, who laid about him very heartily with a heavy and knotted rope's end, had not now, as generally it had, the effect of putting an end to hostilities.

Brissac and the Kentuckian separated, as if by mutual consent, from all the other combatants, fought with a most fiendish and deadly animosity. Now up and now down, they struck. kicked, wrestled, and cursed each other with an unction and volubility indicative of long practice. Suddenly, while rolling and writhing on the ground, in a struggle more fierce than any that had preceded it, the combatants were seen to recoil from each other, and at the same instant Brissac exclaimed in a voice of horror and torture—"The vile brigand!—he has killed me!—he has worse than killed me—he has torn out my eye!"

Poor wretch! frightful as his words were, they were only the literal truth. The Kentuckian had deliberately and savagely watched his opportunity, and perpetrated upon poor Brissac this diabolical mischief.

By this time the outcry had reached the ears of the captain, who hastened to the spot. Knowing by long experience that it is a far more easy matter to make angry men feel pain than to induce them to listen to reason, Stamar, without troubling himself to essay the latter process, betook himself with exceeding earnestness and vigor to the former. Armed with a handspike, he distributed his crushing blows with a most determined impartiality; some half dozen or so of the furious combatants being thus laid weltering and helpless, the remainder deemed it most prudent to allow their heels to save their heads, and peace was restored almost as suddenly as it had been disturbed, "which plainly showed," as the facetious master was afterwards heard to affirm, "that a strong arm and a heavy handspike are extremely valuable in a row."

When the crowd of combatants was thus effectually dispersed, we, who had taken no part in the fight, and who consequently neither felt nor feared the captain's resentment, perceived that the Kentuckian, who lay silent and motionless, had a dagger sticking in his throat, from which the blood gushed out as often as he drew his breath; while close by him writhed poor Brissac, with his eye literally torn out, he himself mingling execrations on his enemy with his uncontrollable cries of anguish and dismay, and continuing to strike at him furiously with his dagger.

"Bah! is it thus you amuse yourself in pricking a messmate?" demanded Stamar: "don't you see the poor devil's past praying for, as the Spaniard said of the dead bull? Be a little merciful: blow his brains out at once, and put an end to his misery."

Probably it was only in this especial way that the agonised Gascon could, just at that moment, have been induced to "be a little merciful." Seizing the pistol which the captain held out to him, he obeyed his command to the letter. The corpse of the Kentuckian was then tossed overboard, and the Gascon went below to seek the aid of the surgeon.

Three days had now elapsed since the fierce and fatal conflict between the Kentuckian and the Gascon. The latter, though already greatly relieved from the tortures of his cruel wound, by the skill of the pirate-doctor, Mathorée, who was not a little delighted with the luck of having so important a case—the unfortunate Gascon, disfigured for life, and deprived of an eye, spent the greater part of his time in bestowing every imaginable curse of his native country upon pirates in general, and Kentuckian pirates in particular.

"What will my wife say—for I have a wife, doctor—when she sees that her dear Brissac is one-eyed? unless, indeed, I could make a little fortune on board of this accursed ship."

"Upon that point," rejoined the doctor, in his gravest and most sententious manner, "you may set your mind at rest. Serving with our brave and worthy captain, you will speedily get gold enough not only to fill the orifice of your eye, but the entire cavity of even your capacious skull, if you think fit! *Au reste*, you may think yourself extremely fortunate that your case has come under my care. Already you may perceive that you are in a fair way of being cured. I have completely—I may venture to add skilfully—extirpated the interior ligaments, which, if neglected, might have been productive of inflammation, and eventually of death. You will shortly be quite free from pain, and by wearing a glass eye you will prevent your misfortune from being detected by any but your most intimate acquaintance."

"Many thanks to you, doctor," sighed the unhappy Gascon; "I am far enough from being ungrateful for your cure; but nevertheless I much fear that my wife will die outright with vexation."

"Moreover," continued the doctor, pursuing his own idea, and utterly disregarding the geremiads of the unfortunate Gascon, "you are quite sure to concentrate in the one eye that is left to you all the visual forces that properly appertained to both. You will see, in fact, just as well with one eye as ever you did with two."

"*Dieu vivant!*" said the Gascon; "it is all very possible; nevertheless, I should greatly have preferred the preservation of both the eyes which nature bestowed upon me."

"While the doctor was thus complacently lavishing compliments upon himself and consolation upon the monoptic Gascon, we found ourselves in sight of the Isle of Cuba, and fast making the entrance of the old canal. In the east rose the black points of innumerable rocks, on which broke furious waves, dashed against them by the impetuous current.

Stamar, coming upon deck with Lorenzo, swept the horizon with his telescope. After keeping it fixed for some time upon one point, he suddenly passed it to Lorenzo, exclaiming, in tones of vexation and rage, "May the devil die to-morrow if there are not those two infernal cruisers, which are everlastingly hovering about here to cause annoyance to honest gentlemen of our stamp. What say you?—am I right or wrong?"

Lorenzo just glanced in the direction indicated by Stamar, and then replied, "It is only too true."

"And that blind mole at the mast-head never to see them! Cardic, sing out for the animal to come down, and give him something to freshen his way and brighten his look-out."

Cardic applied his lips to his shrill whistle, and in a few seconds the negligent look-out stood before him. The instant he did so, Cardic, without a word on either side, beat him with a severity which left nothing for even the ferocity of Stamar to complain of.

The two vessels which he, poor devil! had been unlucky enough not to discern, or careless enough not to announce, now bore down upon us under all sail, and were speedily near enough to hail us.

Stamar paced the gangway, now whistling for a wind and anon abusing the helmsman with great facility and unction; but beyond this, not showing the slightest symptom of either fear or emotion. Probably his apparent carelessness arose from his feeling confident in his means of avoiding hostilities; for I had already been informed by Peters that fierce as our captain was when he met with merchantmen, he was exceedingly happy at avoiding battle when there was any chance of his meeting with more than his match. Lorenzo and the rest of the pirates stood in silence, awaiting whatever orders their chief might choose to give, and endeavouring, but vainly, to read his intentions in the strongly marked lines of his sombre and impassible countenance.

At length Stamar broke silence in giving an order unexpected by all on board, and by none more so than by me.—"Lorenzo," said he, "let the red flag be displayed! Peters, is Dumby well loaded? To your post, and prepare to fire."

This order given, Stamar seated himself on a gun-carriage, and smoked his cigarita as coolly as though he had been a hundred leagues from danger. The two hostile ships were now far within cannon-shot; a lurid column of flame leaped from one of their guns, and the shot struck us within six paces of the gun on which sat Stamar, who, however, continued to smoke on with the most entire indifference. The two strangers now hoisted the American flag astern, and Stamar shouted, "Peters, take good aim; we must wing that fellow: let them have it!—fire!"

A tremendous detonation was the instant reply to this order, and we saw the enemy's long-boat cut from its slings, and dashed into a thousand pieces.

"Not so badly aimed, Peters! Helm a-weather, there, and let all go aloft."

The Shark obeyed her rudder to admiration, and dashed rapidly through the narrow passages formed by the rocks: in ten minutes we were beyond the reach of the enemy, whose greater draught forbade them to endeavour to pursue us.

"Poor Yankees! I knew very well they would not attempt to follow us into the canal! But these devilish cruisers quite spoil our game here; we must try for better luck off the coast of Saint Thomas."

Five days after this narrow escape, the negroes who lead their savage lives in the woods of Porto Rico, saw a tiny brig, completely black, and slenderly and rakishly masted, making her way, under close-reefed sails, to the shelter of their shore. This brig was the Shark, which, in the whole of her cruise hitherward. had not fallen in with a single prize.

Stamar, more sombre and ill-tempered than ever, vainly swept the horizon with his eagle and eager glance; and the pirates already began to assemble in little groups, and murmur aloud at what they termed their ill luck. Even Brissac did not quite approve of being a pirate, and yet getting nothing by it. "If this continues, Daumont," said he to me, "we shall all have time to get hanged before we see the colour of any one's money. And yet I ought to get a good sum to pay me for the loss of my eye, and enable me to console my wife."

Scarcely had the Gascon given utterance to his discontent when the man at the mast-head sang out, "Deck a-hoy!—a sail to windward!"

Stamar went aloft with his glass, and in a few seconds returned, and said—Every one to his post. We're in luck at last!"

Cardic's whistle responded to this order. Every man took his arms, and we bore up towards the stranger under all the sail we could carry. It was a truly horrible thing to observe the sinister expression worn by all the hideous countenances of our lawless crew. Dirty, bearded, and already scenting blood, their eyes flashing with the fires of cupidity and cruelty, the wretches all gazed in the direction of their prey, as though they wished to annihilate the distance which separated them from it. In a very brief space we neared our victim, a large merchantman, whose appearance promised at once an easy conquest and a rich booty. At a signal from Stamar, a shot was fired across her bows to bring her to. She immediately hoisted a white flag, and began to take in her sails; but this obviously pacific inclination was quite thrown away upon the commander of the Shark.—"Give that fellow a shot between wind and water," cried he; "it will perhaps teach him to be quicker in his manœuvres, and not keep worthy fellows so long waiting."

We were now within pistol-shot of the stranger, and Peters, bringing his musket to bear upon one of her crew, fired, and knocked the man's straw-hat from off his head, frightening the poor devil a good deal, no doubt, but doing him no farther injury.

"Pretty fair, that!" said Stamar; "but another time level lower. Halloa, you sugar hogshead! send a boat aboard us."

The order was obeyed on the instant, and the boat coming alongside us, a young and handsome man leaped upon our deck, without the slightest appearance of fear or suspicion.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Stamar; "loblolly-boy of yon craft, or cook's swab's second mate?"

"I am neither one nor the other, sir," replied the young man, firmly; "I am her lieutenant."

"Oh, well, Mr. *Lieutenant*, you see my flag?—it's red, as perhaps you can perceive. Go you back, and send your captain hither; I am not in the habit of treating with swabs of lower rank."

Pale with anger, and knitting his brows, the young man preserved, however, sufficient mastery over his temper to depart without reply; and in a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the captain.

"Where are you bound from?" demanded Stamar.

"From Martinique."

"What's your lading?"

"As usual from that port—sugar and coffee."

"But how about specie? None of that, eh?"

The French captain made no reply. The sound of his voice, when he first spoke, had struck me as being very familiar to me; and the more I pondered, the more certain I became that this captain, who had so unhappily fallen into our power, was well known to me. Stamar, guessing the truth from the captain's silence, resumed—"I see how it is—you *have* specie on board! Well; your boat will just do to bring us so much of your freight as we may find it convenient to accept of."

"There is no help for it," replied the unfortunate captain, "and falsehood would be disgraceful without being of any service. I frankly confess, then, that I *have* specie on board. To it, and to everything else we have, you are welcome; but, I trust that, in return for my giving you no trouble, you will allow me and my crew to depart without experiencing any personal ill treatment."

"For whom do you take us, messmate? Fie upon your suspicions! You may go as soon as our visit is paid. My lieutenant will accompany you."

The captain of the merchantman bowed, and returned to go to his boat, accompanied by Lorenzo.

As the captain turned to depart, I was enabled more closely to examine his features, and I at once recognised him as one of the oldest captains in the employment of my father, to whom, no doubt, the ill-fated vessel belonged. I endeavoured to go forward without being recognised by the unfortunate captain; but before I could do so, he had caught sight of my countenance, and rushed towards me, exclaiming, "Good God! Mr. Eugene, do I see you here!"

These words turned all eyes upon me; and Lorenzo said, with his usual sneer, "Ah! what the Signor Daumont is an old acquaintance of yours, is he, captain? That's lucky; for he is a friend of ours also! But let us make haste, for time is precious to men of business, you know!"

And pointing to the ladder with an air of authority, which seemed literally to freeze the poor captain's blood, Lorenzo put a stop to all further communication by showing him into the boat, into which he himself immediately followed.

"Is that some old friend of yours?" said Brissac.

"If you wish to accompany him in his journey," said Cardic, "you have some distance to travel."

"What does he mean?" said I, in a low whisper to Brissac.

"Hush!" said he; "we are observed; the less you say now, the greater your chance to be alive to-morrow morning."

In about a quarter of an hour the boat returned from the merchantman, laden with bags of money, and with a variety of merchandise, the whole of which was brought on board of us, and carried aft. Lorenzo, who also came in the boat, went up to Stamar, and whispered some few words to him.

"Well! replied Stamar, in a far louder tone, "bring her along, and we shall see."

Five or six times the merchantman's boat went and came, bringing off to us all that the pirates judged to be worth taking; and Lorenzo, taking with him half a dozen men armed to the very teeth, then returned to the plundered vessel, and in a few minutes we saw the pirates under Lorenzo's orders thrust a lady, and her mulatto female servant, into the boat.

Lorenzo then saluted the officers of the merchantman with an affectation of politeness, and descended into the boat, from which the unfortunate prisoners sent forth their pitiable but most unavailing shrieks.

"Thieves! villains!" said the young lieutenant, of whom I have already had occasion to make mention; "infamous rascals! you are even more cowardly than you are cruel!"

On hearing these words, Lorenzo turned coolly round, drew a pistol from his belt, and laid the young lieutenant dead upon the deck, saying as he fired, "You would have done well to be more polite, my young friend. As for you others, a good voyage to you! You will find it a long one, I fancy, and your last."

The boat was soon alongside us, and the young lady, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes red and swollen with weeping, was led, or rather dragged, aft. Her singular beauty had led the vile Lorenzo to suppose that she would be a prize by no means the less welcome to his still more brutal captain; and yet, with a strange inconsistency, the same beauty that led him to doom her to a fate so unspeakably terrible as that which he believed to await her, so far softened him, that he did not forbid her being accompanied into her horrible captivity by her faithful and attached Creole attendant.

The sight of the lovely young female in a situation so appalling, filled my heart with a sentiment of mingled admiration and grief; and yielding to an impulse as powerful as it was undefinable, I hastily advanced towards her.

"Oh, no!" said Lorenzo, with an ironical glance at me; "you appear to be extremely attentive, my young gentleman."

Recalled to all the terrible realities of my situation by the sinister tone in which these words were spoken, I retired, blushing and confused, to my former position; and the beautiful captive was dragged to the feet of the ruthless Captain Stamar. Looking coldly and yet attentively upon her features, the savage said, "Tolerably pretty! take her below." His order was obeyed, and we could hear, at times, the low moanings of the young captive and her faithful Creole, who were kept closely confined in the cabin.

All this time the captain of the luckless merchantman had been standing in silent expectation of the final orders of Stamar, who now said to him, "You can go on your way now, my friend; and of a surety you cannot say that we are so *very* wicked—we others!"

The captain thus addressed bowed in silence, hauled up his boat, and commenced veering to proceed on his route. The Shark then gently laid herself broadside to; Stamar gave a signal to the infamous Lorenzo, and exclaimed at the same time to the merchantman's captain, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!"

Scarcely were the hypocrite's words uttered when a fearful explosion of our whole range of guns shook every plank of the Shark, and for a few moments both vessels were completely hidden in the thick black clouds of smoke. Stamar now gave the word, the Shark darted forward under all sail; and when the smoke had somewhat dispersed, we could see the unfortunate merchantman dreadfully torn by our shot—her deck covered with wounded men, whose cries and groans were truly dreadful.

On perceiving that our broadside had merely crippled the merchantman, instead of sinking her, Stamar flew into one of his fiercest paroxysms of rage.

"Fools! brute beasts!" he exclaimed, stamping on the deck; "why did they not give it her between wind and water? It's a mere waste of powder and shot! Master!—start me all those novices—put the very best men on board at the guns; above all, see that they ram home well, and level low!"

Scarcely two minutes elapsed from the giving of the ferocious order, when the new broadside of the Shark vomited death and destruction upon the crippled and helpless merchantman. Again for a few minutes the horizon was obscured by dark and heavy clouds of smoke; and some minutes elapsed before they cleared away sufficiently to enable us to see the effect produced by our volley. Frightful but impotent imprecations reached us through the livid atmosphere; and, at length we distinguished the aged and unfortunate captain mounted on the bulwarks of his shattered vessel, now tearing his hair, and anon extending his clenched fist towards us in vain menacing and detestation. Traversed as his ship had been in every direction by our balls, she was rapidly sinking; and just as she was finally settling down, some of her crew sought shelter in her tops, while others plunged into the sea, and swam towards us. Alas! the case of those who still clung to the masts of their sinking ship was not a jot more hopeless than that of the unhappy men who looked for safety in the mercy of Stamar. Seeing that they swam vigorously and perseveringly towards us, he shouted, "Shoot me off a few of these jolly fellows. *Mort Dieu!* they seem marvellously well inclined to aid in the consumption of our grog and biscuit. Take good aim, I say, here, some of you, and shoot me them off!"

His orders were obeyed to the very letter. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and man after man fell beneath the murderous aim of the ferocious pirates. Now and then a cap or a straw hat rose to the surface, and floated round the shattered vessel which the foaming waves were now fast engulphing.

Suddenly, with a sound like the rushing of a huge water-spout, an immense chasm opened in the waves, the merchantman balanced herself for a moment or two, and then, with one lightning-like bound, descended; the tops of her masts were for an instant seen lashing the waters, and then she, and the unhappy wretches who were still clinging to her, disappeared for ever. To the tumult of the horrible scene that had been enacted there succeeded for a few moments a frighfully expressive silence, which was broken by the voice of Stamar, who in tones of infernal irony exclaimed, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you."

To describe the horror I experienced at witnessing this scene of cowardly and useless murder is absolutely beyond my power. Pale and almost insensible, I seemed to be writhing under the pressure of some infernal nightmare; and it needed some stern external reality to restore my bewildered senses. The voice of the Gascon aroused me from this most painful state.

"Upon my honor," said he, in a low tone, "I did not think that even a pirate could be so downright diabolical. I verily believe that I would rather lose my other eye than witness such another brutal butchery!"

Nor was this feeling confined to me and the Gascon. Even the crew, ruffianly brigands as they undoubtedly were, had hitherto maintained a profound, and, as it seemed, a painful silence. It was solely the voice of their ferocious leader that could arouse them from this reflecting mood: once aroused from it, however, they speedily resumed their habitual ferocity, songs and shouts rang as loudly as ever through the ship, and at the suggestion of Stamar, preparations were made for a division of their booty.

"Faith," said Brissac to me, "as those poor devils have taken their leave of all sublunary affairs, these bags of piastres can be of no use to them, so I shall take my share of them with a good conscience. Will you come, too, Daumont?"

I turned from him with disgust, and remained on the forecastle, while every one else was busy aft sharing in the ill-gotten booty. Our fair captive naturally formed the chief and most painful subject of my thoughts. How beautiful was her countenance even amidst all her grief, and despite the disorder of her attire; and to what horrible ill-treatment was she not liable, thrown as she was into the power of the ferocious Stamar! The mere thought of so beautiful and young a creature being in the power of such a monster filled me with rage, and that rage was increased by an interest, a prepossession on behalf of the victim, which I was in no state of mind to be able to analyse or define. I longed to learn who she was, and to what Stamar designed to doom her, and to make her aware who I was, and how ardently I desired to deliver her from her horrible position; and I fully made up my mind to seize every possible opportunity to communicate with her, even though my endeavors to serve her should cost me my life.

Both officers and men were too busy with the partition of their plunder to attend to the manœuvring of the craft; the deck was strewn with small arms of every description, which the pirates had cast aside when their work of murder was complete; the matches, still burning, stood in the tubs, close by piles of cartridges, which the rolling of the ship continually threw from side to side. Such was the disordered state of things upon our deck when the man at the mast-head suddenly sang out—"A sail! a sail to leeward!"

"Parbleu!" said Stamar, "this should surely be more food to give to the sharks."

For full five minutes he kept his telescope directed upon one point, and his black and bushy brows were knit over his tiger-like eyes.

Suddenly he kicked aside the piles of piastres which lay upon the quarter-deck, and his glance was so fiery and furious, that the boldest and greediest of the pirates, who were near him, hastened off in total forgetfulness even of their beloved booty.

"To work, to work, men!" he then shouted; "haul down the flag. To work, to work with you, if you would not dance upon nothing at the end of a yard-arm; or follow the fellows you have just sent to Davy's locker."

These words, pronounced in the short, stern, and terrible tone in which he always spoke when very greatly excited, struck terror into the hearts of even the desperadoes of the Shark, and he was as promptly obeyed as though there were no such thing in the world as gold to be divided, or to be quarrelled about.

"To work," the pirates, in fact, went with such good will, that in a few moments the Shark had almost exactly reversed her course, and had crowded every sail in the endeavor to gain the wind. Unfortunately for the views of Stamar, however, the ship in sight approached with such speed, and held the wind in so superior a style, that she neared the Shark almost as rapidly as though the latter had been riding at anchor.

Lorenzo, pale with terror, after gazing attentively for some time in the direction of the chase, exclaimed, "It is a French frigate, and she carries a broad pendant at her mizen."

"Ah!" replied Stamar, "have you discovered that already? I compliment you—I can do no less—on your sagacity. Nevertheless, I had made the same discovery a good half-hour since."

"But they are gaining upon us hand over hand," remarked Lorenzo.

"Well, and what then, Master Barber? In what bright way do you propose that we should act? Can we fly like yon gull? They near us in spite of our best seamanship and our utmost press of sail. Well! if they turn out to be stronger, as well as fleeter, than we are—let us see if they have pluck enough to follow us below." And he pointed with a significant gesture to the blue depths of the mighty mass of waters,—a gesture which seemed to impart very little comfort to the terrified lieutenant.

For my part, I watched the approach of the redoubtable frigate with about equal pleasure and inquietude. True, if we were captured, I was not in reality one of the guilty; but who could assure me that our captors might not doubt the truth of my asseverations, and hang me along with the worst of my persecutors? Moreover, how was I to escape should Stamar, as his gesture had threatened, blow up his craft rather than allow her to be taken?

Having my papers constantly about me, however, I was not without hope of obtaining a fair hearing from the captain of the frigate, and I resolved to throw myself overboard, swim to her, and endeavor to persuade her captain to board the Shark, and endeavor to rescue the fair captive and her attendant. So much was I excited with this project, that I had infinite difficulty in concealing the rapture with which my frail hopes—alas, *how* frail!—inspired me.

Peters, close by whom I was standing, easily read in my features the thoughts that were passing in my mind. He took me by the hand, and said with a smile,

"You sadly deceive yourself, my poor Daumont, if you see in yonder frigate a means of saving yourself or others. You but little know Captain Stamar, much as you may fancy you have already seen of his skill and daring. We shall either get away or blow up the craft."

I paid but little attention to his words, my notice being just then too much engrossed with the powerful frigate, which by this time had gained so much upon us, that the whole of her hull was well up, and from which a shower of balls was thrown towards us from time to time by way of preliminary. The affair now began to look so serious that the pirates stood about in sad and silent groups, attentively watching the countenance of Stamar, who stood with his arms folded gazing at the frigate. Suddenly he sprang forward, a hideous and withering sneer curling his pale thin lips.

"Master!" he cried, "let one half the men go below, but hold themselves in readiness to go aloft at the very first signal. Lorenzo, see that the Colombian flag be displayed; and strike your topsails."

His orders were obeyed as rapidly as they were given, and, electrified by the audacity of their chief, our pirates passed at once from despondency to a complete feeling of security. The Colombian flag streamed gaily out abaft, and to my indescribable amazement, we brought to and awaited the chase, the commander of which, on nearing us, hove to in his turn, and hailed us.

Stamar seized his speaking-trumpet and replied, in Spanish, that he would go to leeward; and our brig, by means of sweeps, was slowly and silently urged forward, as though that had really been his intention.

On the poop of the French frigate several of her officers were collected, who, with their glasses bent upon us, watched every movement upon our deck.

The Shark swept forward till she got close astern of the frigate, and Stamar profoundly saluted him who seemed to be her principal officer. For an instant we seemed to be luffing a trifle, so as to range alongside the frigate, and under her lee; but suddenly Stamar sprang to the helm, and jammed it hard a-weather, his stentorian tones at the same time rang far over the heaving waters as he shouted,

"All hands aloft! see all clear, and let go the topsails!"

The orders thus given were executed with an almost inconceivable celerity, and the Shark, obedient to the new and powerful influence thus given to her, sprang swiftly forward beyond the reach of her enenemy.

This bold manœuvre of Stamar caused a tremendous outcry of disappointment and rage on board the French frigate, from which shots were quickly, but quite inocuously, sent after us; but long before they could resume the chase, we had gained the vicinity of a group of islets close to Saint Thomas, each new discharge of the enemy's guns only affording a subject for new sarcasm from Stamar, and new laughter from his now confident desperadoes.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Duane.—This fine horse, now in his 5th year, has been sent to Charles Carter's training stable, near Petersburg, Va., to be trained for the ensuing campaign. He has served about 20 mares this Spring.

Matches at St. Louis, Mo.—Messrs. Lane & Shacklett have matched *Bonny Black* (late the property of J. C. Stevens, Esq., of this city), against Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, two miles. The match is to come off on the 1st day of the ensuing Fall meeting, Monday, 14th Oct.

A Sporting Tour.—A letter from Independence, Missouri, informs us that a company is assembling at that town, preparatory to a trip to the Spanish country. Among other moveables they have a long string of race horses, which they are going to take out there; Maurice E. Boyles, C. D. Burroughs and others, are among the adventurous traders.

Viceroy, the brother to *Dr. Syntax*, has been placed by Mr. Lamar of Georgia, in the stable of Mr. G. Edmondson of Augusta.

A letter in to-day's paper, from the Secretary of the Van Buren Jockey-Club, informs us that the Fall meeting of the Fort Smith Club will commence on the 2d Tuesday of Oct.; previous to which will come off the following matches:—H. L. French's b. c. *Hannibal*, vs. John Mayse's b. f. *Eliza Ross*, two mile heats, for $1000 a side—to come off on the 24th of Aug. Also, a second match between the same parties, for $250, a single mile—to come off on the 26th Aug. Mr. French names *Belphine*,—Mr. Mayse names *Capt. Bluster*.

Mr. French also informs the friends of *Eudora*, that if they will come to Fort Smith, they shall be accommodated with a race at mile heats, best 3 in 5, for from one to five thousand dollars.

Frank Forester.—The series of original sporting sketches now in the course of publication in the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," under the signature of "Frank Forester," are quoted and spoken of by our exchange papers as quite the most spirited and elegant articles ever written on the subject. They have been attributed to three or four distinguished writers, any one of whom would be proud to claim the authorship. Without giving a name and local habitation to the gifted writer, we are free to state that he is a ripe scholar and an ardent sportsman. His "*Week in the Woodlands*" bears us out in our first assertion; and the following extract from a note, received two days since, demonstrates the second:—

"By the way, I drove up on Thursday evening and Friday morning, to Orange Co.; and shot Friday afternoon till I was stopped by the rain, getting only 12 birds; but on Saturday "Tom Draw" and I, (he with a single, I with a double barrel), bagged seventy cock between 10 A. M. and sunset."

Durham Cattle.—A lot of ten or fifteen Durham Cows, with a very fine bull, passed our door on Thursday last, having just been landed from the ship *Mary Howland*, from Liverpool. They may be seen at Mr. Robert L. Stevens' paddocks, at Hoboken.

Mr. McCargo has started "Westward Ho!" from Virginia. A letter from Roanoke county informs us that he passed through Big Lick on the 8th instant, with a strong corps of cavalry under the charge of Lazarus, on his way to Kentucky. The lot included *Duanna*, (sister to Duane) and a string of 3 and 4 year olds, all of which will go into the same stable with *Billy Townes*, *Missouri*, and *Genito*. "Old Mack" talks about Billy's chance of winning the great stake at Louisville, without taking his pipe out! There's trouble coming.

Col. C. F. M. Noland, of Batesville, Arks., has purchased of the Hon. Chas. Fenton Mercer, of Va., his brood mare *Lily*, by Eclipse, out of Garland (Post Boy's dam), by Duroc. Lily is in foal to imp. Felt, by Langar, out of Steam by Waxy Pope.

H. G. S. Key, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., has sold to Benj. G. Harris, Esq., of same place, (the owner of Reliance,) his yearling bay filly, out of the dam of Reliance by Imp. Priam, for $1500. Mr. H. has selected the name of *Mary Key* for this filly.

Mr. Key also has a very superior colt, 2 yrs. old, from same dam, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, for which he claims the name of *Egremont*. Lady Culpeper is now with Imp. Margrave.

The Turf in Arkansas.—Thanks to our correspondent "N.," to say nothing of "Kurnel Whetstone," the Turf is prospering almost beyond belief in Arkansas. The recent exhibition at Batesville, of thorough-bred stock (published last week), is one among many other indications of the increasing interest felt in that State in the improvement of stock. For that and many other exhibitions of a similar character, the people of Arkansas are indebted to the public spirit and liberality of Capt. Thomas T. Tunstall, a leading turfman and breeder, and one of the most enterprising citizens of the State.

The Wheeling (Va.) Races came off during the last week in June, and we have received no report as yet, though we have a letter from the proprietors written a fortnight afterwards, in which they remark, "By this time our Secretary has transmitted his report." That distinguished functionary has not hurried himself; however, his report of the June races will be so extremely interesting in August, that we are prepared to meet with fortitude our present disappointment. It would give us great pleasure to accept of the following courteous invitation of the proprietors to attend their Fall meeting, and should we be able to steal sufficient leisure to attend the Louisville meeting we certainly will.

Wheeling, (Va.) July 10th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Our races went off in fine style, notwithstanding the weather was inauspicious for us. The Fall Meeting will be numerously attended, and there is no doubt but we will have some 80 or 90 horses in attendance. One of our greatest pleasures would be to have you with us on your way to the great "*Grey Eagle*" stake at Louisville this Fall. We at Wheeling, though living in *New Virginia*, will give you "*a real old Virginny*" welcome if you will tarry with us during our races.

By this time our Secretary has transmitted to you an account of our races. You will perceive it was slow time—but it will be accounted for easily when I inform you that it was over a newly made track, and that too, completely saturated with water from continued rains for weeks previous to our running.

Sincerely hoping that we shall see you in September, at Wheeling, we remain yours,

Norvell & Oliver.

Cross Keys (Va.) Races, in Southampton county, promise to be more brilliant than ever the ensuing Fall. Besides a great number of stakes to be run for, the purses are very respectable. It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that George B. Carey, Esq., has been elected President of the club, and Messrs. Robert Ridley and James S. French, Vice Pres'ts.; S. C. Reese, Esq., is Proprietor, and C. D. Barham, Esq, Secretary. The Fall Meeting commences on the 17th of September.

Rattler.—Mr. Maurice E. Boyles has sold this fine old horse to R. P. Stark, Esq., of Tennessee, for $5000, with the profits of his present season. It is understood that he will make his next season in Missouri.

Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga.—Several fine Sweepstakes have been opened to come off over this popular course at the ensuing meeting, a programme of which will be found in our advertising columns. We invite particular attention to a Post Stake for all ages, $2000 each subscription, four mile heats, to which there are now two subscribers. There is no reason why this stake should not be a very sporting affair.

Quebec (L.C.) Races commence on the 1st Tuesday in September. We are desired to state that the following gentlemen have been appointed stewards:—H. J. Caldwell, Chas. De Lery, G. W. Ryland, Esqrs., Capt. Daniell, Coldstream Guards, Capt. Winnington, 11th Regt., G. B. Symes, Esq., Randolph Routh, Esq. D.A.C.G., Chas. Duchesnay, Esq., A. C. Buchanan, Esq. Secretary, Robert Boyle, Lt. and Capt. Cold. Guards.

Opelousas (La.) Races were to have commenced on the 3d of July, and we anticipated, ere this, to have received our friend Taylor's report. He is one of the best reporters of a race in the country, and at describing a cocktail race, there's no man in the Union can approach him, always excepting the writer of "the Quarter Race in Kentucky," who, by the bye, has promised us something in the same vein ere long.

Cincinnatti claims to be the Pork Emporium of the West, and Ohio the "Great Hog region," but we were not aware until now that among other improvements effected in the breed, they had got to raising them for the Turf! We can now account for the little feeling existing in that State relative to improving the breed of horses. Just read the following paragraph:—

A Hog Race, for a purse of $50, came off at West Union, Ohio, last Saturday week. The editor of the Star, printed there, gives a very amusing description of the fun. Five hogs had been trained for the sport for several weeks. They were ridden by lads 12 years of age, and the distance ran was one mile, which was performed by the winning animal in 8½ minutes! E. R. Smith's sow, a lank, long-legged "crittur," took the prize.

REVIEW OF THE LATE NORTHERN CAMPAIGN.

The following article was intended for publication in the August number of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," but the writer desires us to publish it in the "Spirit of the Times," should the subject have been treated on in the magazine by any other correspondent. Such an article is already in type for the magazine—a continuation of one commenced in the July number—written by another Southern gentleman. We accordingly lay the article before the readers of "the Spirit," and so sensible and well-written is it, that we shall be pleased to hear from our correspondent again.

Virginia, July 15th, 1839.

Sir,—Allow me to congratulate you upon the continued excellence of the American Sporting Magazine. The last number, which reached me but yesterday, fulfils my most sanguine hopes; the picture of Don John is the most beautiful engraving that has ever been presented to the readers of any magazine in this country, with which I am acquainted. Your readers will pardon me for thus introducing some rambling remarks of my own, upon a variety of topics, when I tell them that thereby I aim to obtain of the editor a quiet hearing before them.

The racing of the last Spring at the North has been marked by an extraordinary improvement in the speed of horses. Had this been confined to a few courses, suspicions might have been aroused as to the accuracy, either of the admeasurement of the track, or the timing of the races. But I observe that the improvement has been general, particularly in Virginia and Maryland. On Long Island there may be some occasion for qualifying my remark as to a general improvement; the sport there, if good, as has been represented to me, has not eclipsed that of previous years. That there may be no misconception about the facts, let us go a little further into detail.

A few years ago, when there was occasion to speak of an approaching race, which it was anticipated would be remarkable for speed and power, the time we looked for was never less than 1:50, 3:50, 5:50, or 7:50, at the different distances. Now it has become an ordinary event to look for speed (to use a cant phrase) "low down among the forties!" But this Spring an immense number of races have been run "among the forties." To what am I to ascribe this improvement? There has not, to my knowledge, been any general change of system among our trainers, although in the training do I believe that the key of the problem lies. Boston, Vashti, Portsmouth, Job, Fordham, Willis, Hornblower, Argyle, Wonder, Antipater, and several others, have all shown such speed the present season, as would have surprised us in former years, and yet no one appears astounded now, unless it be that nothing faster has been done.

I never raise more than two colts of a season, nor am I so fortunate as to see every year even one of them come to the post. But though my mares are choice, and have formerly produced me, in one instance, a creditable winner, and in the other a fair lot of colts, although I breed to the very best horses within my reach, unmindful, or rather undeterred by, the formidable prices at which alone I can obtain their services, yet I have not been able to rear anything of late which can compete with the cracks of the day. "The forties" are quite beyond my depth, and I write to you for information, to demand of the editor personally, or of those of his readers who have large experience on the turf, what is the secret of this acknowledged and sudden improvement effected in the speed of the racer?

As connected with the explanation, I may be referred by some to the admixture of English blood, the crossing of imported upon our own stock. But in this consideration I find no universal solution of my difficulty. I can perceive that the get of many of the imported horses have evinced a remarkable turn of speed in their sweepstakes; indeed, as sweepstakes colts I prefer them to our own stock. But the improvement which I wish to see accounted for is not confined to imported horses, or their get. Timoleon, Tonson, Eclipse, and his sons Monmouth Eclipse and Eclipse Lightfoot, would seem to have foreseen the question which was about to arise in the choice of stock, and to have imparted unusual energy to their later get, with a view to meet the crisis manfully; or else, which I believe, there has been some improvement effected in training, which I am unable to impart to my servants.

It seems natural to remark here upon the progress and issue of the spirited contest which has been going on with us this Spring, between the imported and the old stock. In my own State, the advocates of the foreign crosses have been mortified by the total failure of *Chateau Margaux* and *Tranby*. I know of no good reason why I should be mealy-mouthed on the subject, and omit to speak of these horses as having decidedly failed. Indeed, I hope, ere many years, to meet with the same freedom in our journals devoted to the subject, which I perceive, from your occasional extracts, characterizes English periodicals in treating upon horses. A great portion of the breeders and turfmen with us have doubtless sufficient sense to form correct conclusions by the light of their own experience, and the observation of naked facts on record; but there is a smaller class, or a class of breeders in a small way, who are indispensable to the well being of the turf, and who are directly benefitted by a free canvass of the claims of stallions. I dropped the Tranbys to name this subject, and so important do I conceive it to be, that I will pursue the digression into one further remark. I do not desire to see your magazine, or the "Spirit of the Times," filled even measurably with stallion controversies, but I do wish (and I hope you may set the example) that when any horse may be casually named in your writings, you will not refrain from meting out justice to him, if it illustrates or enforces your argument, by any consideration of the influence, good or ill, which your remark may have upon the interests of the horse. If there is anything disgusting to me, it is one of those puffs of a poor horse in a newspaper, which I can perceive at a glance has cost the editor a deal of trouble. He labors to seem to say a great deal, and yet feels bound to say nothing, unless in condemnation; the result of the struggle is a high-sounding, indefinite, slipshod, meaningless—in short, a puff.

To return to horses proper. Chateau Margaux and Tranby have failed; their colts cannot run as three-year-olds—I think they never will. There are indeed many gentlemen in my vicinity to whom you cannot *give* one of them. On the other side of the account came out the *Sharks*. They have justified their breeding, and already won a fame for their sire as a stallion. There are now four sons of Eclipse in the field, who are already signalized by their progeny, and the get of *Mingo* are yet to come, and surely Mingo will not fail. Medoc, Shark, Monmouth Eclipse, and Goliah, are the four to which I allude. I am full in the faith that the get of Shark are to figure on our Atlantic Turf, as have those of Medoc in Kentucky and the South-west. While glorifying, as I like to do, this native stock of horses, let me say a word more of old Eclipse himself. His last season at the North would appear to have been his worthiest. I regard the race of Job and Fordham as a splendid performance. You are dissatisfied with the result of it. I own to you that I wish the race had been differently ordered; but when I hear that Job took the whip and spur for a mile and a half without flinching, and recollect his origin, I should rest easy were my money laid out on him to the extent of my greatest venture. On these two horses now depend the hopes of many interested in blood stock, and as each of them is now in the hands of men of the largest experience, I have little fear for the result. Eclipse, it is rumored, is to return to Virginia. In our State hitherto he has not been successful as a stallion, though I confess I do not understand the reason. It must have been something besides an unfortunate cross of mares that caused his failure; may it not be that his powers were overtasked? For their prudence in this single respect, the English deserve to have a better stock of horses than we. Thirty or forty mares are there the limit for a fine horse, and in a climate as genial, perhaps, as ours for vigor. How is it with us? I often see in the newspapers that this or that horse has had seventy, eighty, or a hundred mares, and in some instances, I am credibly informed that the number of one hundred and fifty has been reached. A shameful abuse this of the powers and courage of the horse, and of his reputation. You might as well look for a healthy and vigorous offspring from a town profligate as from such a horse.

In the last letter which you did me the honor to give to the public, I expressed the opinion that *Boston* could not have been right in his contest with *Portsmouth*. What now is the opinion of turfmen on this point, since he has won every subsequent race for which he has started, and as I am told cut down the fleet *Balie Peyton* with perfect ease? It is certainly injurious to sport on our turf that we have so few handicaps with entries of our best horses. I presume no man is now so bold as to hope to beat Boston at four mile heats, weights for age. The two Priams, *Monarch* and *The Queen*, are the only horses in the country, that can make him run the first heat, if you except *Hornblower*. Is it possible that they can have his immense power to repeat? I hope the question may be determined the approaching autumn.

Although I can see how it may promote sport to handicap horses, yet it always appears to me cruel to them and unjust to their reputations, and therefore I would prefer to see Boston winning every four mile purse from Long Island to Raleigh, than overmarked by a load of extra weight. Is it not an efficient reason why horses break down on the English turf at an age so much earlier than with us?

I see that many efforts have been made of late, to start Annual Sweepstakes upon a basis that shall give them permanence, and some character for nationality. That scheme appears to me far more feasible, which aims at more than one great National stake, but contemplates that natural division of our Union by the Alleghanies. Whether a still further division be not likewise indispensable to secure such a number of subscribers to these Stakes as may make them interesting and valuable, I think quite problematical. We shall rarely see the elite of our turfmen going to Carolina and Georgia; and there are but few gentlemen in the latter States who may reasonably be expected to come so far north as Baltimore with their stables. The project which has been suggested of a National Turf Convention, is the proper body to mature the conditions of such stakes. There would be less suspicion of motives than there has recently been manifested when stakes have been proposed with peculiar conditions. For myself, I believe that the best interests of the Turf will be promoted by making the subscription to such Stakes quite moderate,—so moderate as to invite breeders who, like myself, cannot afford to think for a moment upon a forfeit of one or two thousand dollars. But these, with other matters, could best be determined by a Convention of Turfmen; and he will deserve well of the community, who shall step out boldly among gentlemen, and under his own name call upon them to co-operate in so deserving an undertaking.

Excuse these desultory hints and queries. I sat down with the purpose of discussing with you one subject which has been weighing upon my mind for months; but instead of fulfilling my intention, I have omitted it altogether, to touch upon a score of minor topics that have been suggested as I have written. At a future day, I will unburthen myself further. Yours,

Loudon.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM "N. OF ARKANSAS."

Aldie (Va.), July 10, '39.

Dear P.—It is somewhat strange that at this moment there is in the racing region of New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and Old Virginia, but one distinguished Four mile horse on the Turf. In the Carolinas they have their *Monarch* and their *Queen*. Yet splendid as these animals are, they have no public record to point to, which would give them a tall place in four mile fame. In Alabama and Tennessee they have no four mile nag of very great distinction, though *Melzare* and *Gander* are not to be sneezed at. Mississippi can boast of her *Poney* and *Bee's-wing*—the one a very good four miler—the other has never tried it on that far—but as far as she has gone, she has been too speedy for the swiftest. Louisiana can boast of *Wagner*, and well may she be proud of him, for he is a four mile horse of the first order. Old Kentuck has a host of them, but she has never got into the forties;—until she does she has no right to boast. *Blood* won't always tell—neither will *blood* and form combined—but there must be *blood* to make a good four miler. I reckon no turfman in the Union has taken more pains to breed a four miler than Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, and yet he has never succeeded. He has spared no pains or expense; his very stables are finer and costlier than anything in Arkansas but the State House. Capt. Stockton, too, has taken great pains to get good 'uns. He has the very best blood of England in his stud. His Imp. horse *Langford* is a good four mile horse, and if he had been judiciously managed, would have been distinguished as such. He will make a magnificent stallion. Capt. S. has the following colts, the richness of whose pedigrees is equal to anything in England:—

1. *Mercer*, br. c. by Emilius, out of Rat Trap's dam.
2. *Passaic*, ch. c. by Reveller, out of Rachel by Moses.
3. *Atlantic*, b. c. by Actæon, out of Miss Craven by Master Lowe (Paganini's dam).
4. *Cumberland*, bl. c. by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
5. ———, ch. c. by Rowton, out of Nanine, the dam of Glaucus.

The brown colt Mercer is a splendid animal; I visited him with the Old Napoleon, who told me he was all sorts of a colt. Nos. 2 and 4 are very fine colts; No. 3 is small; No. 5 was the crack colt for a long time, but he has been unfortunate, having the ring bone and string halt. I think some of them will turn up trumps this Fall, at least, I hope so, for their gallant and spirited owner is deserving of good luck. Truly yours, N.

DEBUT OF A YOUNG GLENCOE.

Florence, Ala., July 5, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—I believe every person that has bred to Glencoe subscribes to the "Spirit," manifesting taste and judgment in both instances. I therefore avail myself of your sheet to impart to them and the racing world the gratifying intelligence of the success of the first of the get of Glencoe that has appeared in England. The account is extracted from the Racing Calendar:—

BATH SPRING MEETING.

Wednesday, April 10—Weston Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., with 20 added, for two yr. olds; the straight half mile; 9 subs.

Mr. Roe's ch. f. *Darkness*, by Glencoe, out of Fanny by Whisker, 8st.............. Nat 1

Mr. Etwall's b. c. *Hill Coolie*, by Mulatto (foaled in 1829), dam by Figaro, grandam by Whisker, out of Jack Spigot's dam, 8st 3lb.............................. 2

Mr Harris' b. c. *Mariner*, by Jack Tar, out of Kittuny, 8st 3lb, Mr. Baskerville's ch. c. by Belshazzar, out of Varia, 8st 3lb, and Mr. Thompson's ch. f. *Sovereign Lady*, by Priam, out of Her Majesty, 8st, also started, but were not placed.

A very genteel *debut* truly. Thus the Glencoes have drawn the first blood. I hope it may prove a happy augury, and the harbinger of a thousand victories. To be sure the maxim—"*a bad beginning*"—is against it, but, as the doctor's wife said, when her young heifer gave half a bushel of milk, "*it is a favorable symptom.*"

K.

TROTTING MATCH, DUTCHMAN vs. AWFUL.

The second match between these formidable cracks came off on Thursday last, before another great crowd of spectators. The day was fine, but the track comparatively heavy, from rain the day previous. Notwithstanding the friends of Awful thought Dutchman bound to beat him at three mile heats, they were not unwilling to lay out their money on him at 40 to 50 at mile heats. On Thursday morning 2 to 1 was *said to be* the current odds, but no such odds were bet; considerable sums, however, were laid out that Awful would win a heat, and on this account, more than any other, were people surprised at the result of the race. Dutchman won the match handily in three straight heats, without a break, trotting the 2d mile in 2:32, as the official timers reported, though several gentlemen made it 2:31½; those who timed from the word "go," instead of from the start, as the horses pass over the score, made it 2:30½. The style in which Dutchman won the second heat left no doubt on the minds of those present of his ability to trot a mile "*low down in the* TWENTIES!" The trot was performed in match carts, as before; Dutchman's weighs 82 lbs., while Awful's weighs but 68 lbs. Think of a beautiful carriage, complete in all respects, weighing but *sixty eight pounds!* Woodruff and Spicer had each to make up their weight to 145 lbs. Since Woodruff bought in Dutchman last Fall at $1500, he has won about $1750 in purses, and $3500 in matches. After his match against Time (on 1st of Aug.), he will probably be taken to Philadelphia, where they buy up all the New York horses they cannot beat. We shall have to send to Boston to get another Dutchman; the Champion of the Trotting Turf will go into the training stable of HAMILL, it is understood. One of the Philadelphia party also carries off old *Columbus*. Dutchman was sold at the late Baltimore Races to a company in Philadelphia, for $3000 and half of the purse ($500), if he won, which he did, beating Lady Suffolk, Harry Bluff, and Mount Holly, on the 18th May. But to

The Race.—Dutchman drew the track, and went off with a tremendous stroke, getting a little advantage in the start. He entered upon the back stretch two lengths in front, but from the turn to the half mile post Awful gained upon him, lapping him at this point. It was a pretty tight fit all round the semi-circle and down the straight side in front, until they reached the drawgate, where both being called on, Awful broke, and Dutchman won at his ease in 2:35.

For the Second heat they went off with a fine start; both got their stroke, and a more exciting contest has seldom been witnessed. For half a mile the horses were neck and neck, as if in double harness—so close and so exactly opposite were they, that George might have taken a pinch of snuff out of Hiram's box any part of the way for more than half a mile. The inside track gave Dutchman a slight advantage at the turn, but Awful lapped him all the way round, and when they got into straight work in front, like Monsieur Tonson he "come agin." They came down towards the stand like twin bullets, but inside of the draw-gate Awful again broke, and Dutchman came out at his ease in 2:32.

The third heat was a second edition of the first, except that on entering the semi-circle beyond the half-mile post, Awful got his nose in front, and maintained his place for several rods. At the head of the stretch Dutchman once more took the lead, and at this moment a third competitor for the purse made his appearance in the shape of a long legged Jersey dog, that took a fair start with Awful for a brush, and kept up his run at a killing stroke until near the draw-gate where finding he stood a smart chance of being "used up" he bolted through the fence and has not since been heard of, while Awful soon after broke up and the thing was out, within ten yards of the place he had done so twice before. Dutchman finished the heat at his ease as before, in 2:35. Summary:—

Beacon Course, N. J., opposite New York City—Thursday, July 18, 1839—Match, $1000 a side; driver's weight 145lbs. each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Messrs. ———'s b. g. *Dutchman*	*Hiram Woodruff*	1	1	1
Messrs. Spicer & Anderson's b. g. *Awful*	*George Spicer*	2	2	2

Time, 2:35—2:32—2:35.

Dutchman's match against time, on the 1st of August, in which he is backed to trot a Three mile heat, in harness or under the saddle, in 7:49, for $1000, concludes his present engagements here. We hope his new owners will not clap an extinguisher on him after the style of *Forrest*, *Tompkins*, and other good ones, that after leaving this city are heard of no more as winners in great time. If they have any more Dutchman's in the brick-yards of Pennsylvania, we will thank them to send PETE (not Pete Whetstone) word.

Since our last, a match for $1000 a side, has been made up between *Awful* and *Aaron Burr*, two mile heats, in waggons; to come off over the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island, within three weeks of the 18th instant. The day is to be hereafter designated.

In our next we intend to "flare up" with the sayings and doings on the BOSTON Trotting Turf, having already made considerable progress into the bowels of an article on the subject. They have as many fine horses there as in Philadelphia; and in August, in addition to several fine matches, will offer such purses as will very likely induce the attendance of cracks from a distance.

LENGTH OF THE OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

ROANOKE COUNTY (Va.), July 9, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Since the race won by *Maria Duke*, over the Oakland Course, Spring meeting of 1838, and *Grey Eagle's* two mile race in the Fall of the same year, scarcely a number of your paper has appeared without the hint or assertion of some correspondent that the Oakland race course was not a mile in length, or that the timers used watches manufactured in Kentucky! To those insinuations and assertions I had determined not to reply, until the receipt of the "Spirit of the Times" of 22d of June. In that paper "Christopher Credulous," and a "Tennessee Breeder," signing himself "T. B.," both seem to doubt, one the length of the course, and the other the watches used. In the same paper you advise my friend KENDALL and myself to have our courses measured over again. Mine has been measured, I believe, by almost every surveyor and engineer about Louisville in the last five years.

I purchased the Oakland race course in February, 1838; it had then been in use about five years, no remarkable time having been made over it that I recollect; the inside railing has not been moved since, although the track has been widened, but altogether on the outside. Since it came into my possession it has been measured four times, proving invariably to be over a mile, three feet from the inside; those measurements were previous to the Fall meeting of 1838. After Grey Eagle's great race, which, by the by, I believe to be correct, some doubts were expressed about the length of the track. I must confess there were some on my mind; accordingly a committee of several members of the Club were appointed to have the track re-measured. This committee was composed of gentlemen versed in the matter; they obtained the services of JOHN LUTZ, Esq., City Engineer of Louisville, a gentleman of the highest capacity, and remarkable for his accuracy, together with JAMES H. BELL, Esq., Civil Engineer, from Ohio. Those gentlemen, after adjusting the chain most particularly, and carrying a gage measuring three feet from the inside, and setting sticks so as to give the chain the proper curve around the turn, proceeded to measure the course, carrying the chain *themselves*, in the presence of the committee, and more than one hundred gentlemen, principally turfmen and betting men, who felt anxious to see the result personally, which was, that the course was twelve feet and four inches over a mile, three feet from the inner edge.

For the information of the public, please publish the certificate over again, (if you do not, and a heat in the great sweepstake this Fall is run under 7:37, people won't believe it). Since that time the track has been measured on the top of the inside railing, and found to be a mile.

If your correspondents want to see fast running, I would advise them to come to the Oakland races next Fall, and bring their watches with them. If any individual thinks the course not a mile, I will bet him any amount of that fact at the rate of two to one. Moreover, if he thinks he can beat horses now in Kentucky, in a Post Match, two mile heats, for $10,000 a side, this Fall, or next Spring, he has nothing to do but to name it.

The soil of the Oakland Course is favorable for making quick time; the track is so graded around all the turns as to render it easy to run upon, and it is kept in the best possible condition, being used only for public races. I hope by publishing the certificate again, our horses will be entitled to all the reputation they so greatly deserve, and gentlemen be convinced that it is a mile.

Your obed't serv't, Y. N. OLIVER.

We annex the certificate from the "Spirit of the Times" of Nov. 10, 1838:

COPY. Louisville, Oct. 17, 1838.

We, the undersigned, at the request of the Louisville Jockey Club, have measured the Oakland Race track, at the distance of three feet from the inner edge of said track, and find it to be one mile, twelve feet, and four inches in length.

(Signed) { JOHN LUTZ, City Engineer, of Louisville.
JAS. H. BELL, Civil Engineer.

We, the undersigned, members of said Jockey Club, were present at, and aided in the above measurement, made by Messrs Lutz and Bell.

(Signed) Thos. P. Hart, Geo. G. Presbury, jr,
Thos. A. McGrath, A. J. Prentis,
Anderson Miller.

OLIVER adds a postscript to his communication that we had half a mind to publish entire at first, just for the sake of letting people know what it is to be *an Editor!* It is after this wise:—

"P.S. You must come out, my dear P., and see our great race. Kentucky wants to see you—you will be delighted with your visit, and the State will be flattered by it. I promise to treat you in both the old Kentucky and old Virginia fashion. You will see everybody from everywhere."

There, if a man can read that and refuse to go, there's no use asking him. We may be blamed if we do accept it, but "we'll be blamed" if we don't try, at any rate. Who would not go a thousand miles to see an assemblage of the beauty, talent, and chivalry of old Kentucky!

VAN BUREN (Arks.) SPRING RACES.

Below we give the Secretary's report; the Spring Meeting was advertised to commence on the 22d of May, but the Secretary writes on the 12th June that the races "are just over" As he does not give the precise day when the meeting did commence, we "go back to first principles," and insert the dates as advertised.

WEDNESDAY, May 22, 1839—Purse $187,50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lb.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. Dilliard's (J. H. Moore's) ch. f. by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1	1
Pitcher & Gardner's b. c. *Glaucus*, by Abdalrahman, dam by Tiger, - yrs	2	2

Time, 2:08—1:58.

THURSDAY, May 23—Purse $337,50, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Hugh L. French's b. c. *Hannibal*, by O'Kelly, out of Roxana by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	1	1
J. Dilliard's b. m. *America*, by Waxy, dam unknown, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 4:10—3:55.

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse $225, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Pitcher & Gardner's ch. f. *Sweet Home*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	1	1	1
J. Stafford's ch. m. *Rosey Havoc*, by Havoc, dam ———, 5 yrs	2	2	2

Time, 1:59—1:59—2:10.

Our Fall meeting over the Fort Smith Course will commence on the 2d Tuesday of October, and we expect fine sport, as there are several stables now here, and we are receiving letters occasionally, informing us of more horses that will be here.

A match has been just closed between H. L. French's b. c. *Hannibal* and J. Mayse's b. f. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, for One thousand dollars aside, to come off over the Fort Smith Course on Saturday the 24th of August, Two mile heats. Also a match between the same parties, for $250 aside, one mile out. Mr. French names *Belphine*, by Sumpter, and Mr. Mayse *Capt. Bluster*, to come off at the same place, on Monday the 26th August

I inclosed to you from Baltimore last Spring $20, to pay certain subscriptions to your paper; I was not then apprised of the improvement that has since taken place, or I should have sent you the full subscription; but as they are "good men and true," you will get it in time.—["O. W."—all right.]

Yours, respectfully, J. A. SCOTT, Sec'y.

POST OF ARKANSAS SPRING RACES.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1839—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. E. Pitcher's ch. f. *Sweet Home*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	1	1
Dr. W. Price's ch. g. *Pole*, by Sir William, dam by Bel-air	2	dist.

Time, 1:55—2:05.

THURSDAY, May 16—Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Hugh L. French's b. c. *Hannibal*, by O'Kelly, out of Roxana by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	1
Dr. B. W. Lee's b. g. *Alexander Brookie*, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Stockholder	2	2

Time, 4.03—4:05.

This was a very interesting race; and the contest showed off Alexander a horse of good mettle. The knowing one's got "picked up" more than a little. Bets of $100 to 30 on a distance freely offered and taken by the friends of Brookie.

FRIDAY, May 17—Match, $600 a side, One mile.

Mr. Star's ch. m. *Magpie*	1
Dr. Wilson's ch. g. *Griffin*	2

Won easily. B. W. LEE, *Sec'y pro tem.*

EDGAR'S STUD BOOK.

We have received a very long letter from the Baronet, in which he goes into the matter of the publication of the 2d volume of his book. That portion of it we quote. What he says of the 1st volume would occupy a column and a half, and we really cannot give that space to the subject. Mr. Edgar states that he sent 588 copies of his 1st volume to a house in Vicksburg, upon the recommendation of a General ——, in the Texian Army, and that although he has written twenty times to Vicksburg, he cannot get either the books or the money. Mr. E. found a trustworthy agent at Louisville, Ky., and gave him an order for the books remaining unsold at Vicksburg—some 582 copies—but this agent has been unsuccessful in his attempts to get them. To another gentleman he gave an order for 100 copies on the Vicksburg house, to be sent to Nashville, and 150 to Louisville, and with the same result. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. E. has endeavored to circulate his work throughout the West and South, and that 588 copies of it have been placed, by the faithlessness of agents, quite beyond his reach. We quote:—

"Under such circumstances, Sir, I conceive I unavoidably must suffer great loss; this at once made me determine to put no more books any more out of my control, and I thought it was time enough to send more there when I had received pay for those already sent, and not before. I trust, Sir, you will espouse my cause, and inform the public that there have been books sent by me into the far West. I have in the course of the last six months received more than sixty letters from various parts of that country, directing me to withdraw their names from the subscription list, alleging that as I would not send them my 1st volume, they declined taking the 2d; all this has been caused by the faithlessness and negligence of those persons into whose hands Gen. —— placed my books in Vicksburg. Taking these circumstances under mature consideration, from absolute want of money I am reluctantly compelled to relinquish the idea of publishing the 2d volume, until sales from the 1st place funds in my hands for that purpose. I feel very unwilling, indeed, (and more especially, too,) after the vast expenditures I have incurred already in the publication of the 1st volume, and not receiving remuneration for it, to involve my estate in Europe by mortgage, or otherwise, in order to raise money towards the publication of my 2d volume, unless I am sure of ample remuneration. Therefore I am compelled to inform the public, that having in the first instance exhausted all my ready funds for their benefit, and receiving no compensation as yet for it, I am determined not to involve myself a second time. I will, however at this time assure them, that as soon as I am enabled to make sufficient sales of the 1st volume so that I can procure suitable amanuenses, I will without delay prepare the 2d volume for the press, and not before."

Though Mr. E. may possibly lose the 588 copies sent to Vicksburg that fact should not utterly discourage him. He writes us that he has employed a friend there (an eminent lawyer) to look them up, and we trust most of them will be returned. But there is no difficulty about his making sales of the copies remaining if he will adopt the ordinary mode of transacting business of this character. If he will place the whole edition in the hands of some responsible house in this city, or Philadelphia, they will send his books (at 10 per cent. of the cost he would encounter) to their agents in whatever cities in the Union he might designate, and guarantee the sales. They would charge a smart commission for all this, of course, but the operation would be safe, and he could be furnished quarterly with a return of sales and the proceeds. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, would have supplied, before this, almost every man in the Union who desired to purchase, had the work been placed in their hands at the outset. After all, Mr. E. will be obliged to take our advice in this matter, or he never can sell his book; it is the same, by the bye, we took the liberty of giving him six years ago, when we read the proof-sheets of it.

Our old friend makes short work of our correspondent "A.," but we hardly think he will hurt him much. Mr. E. may be assured that the communication of "A." was responded to by more of his well-wishers than he is aware of. They believe with us, that as yet no proper effort has been made to dispose of the work. The sending of 588 copies to Vicksburg, to people he never heard of, was highly imprudent in the first place, and the idea of selling as many copies there was preposterous. Why there are hardly 588 thorough-bred horses in the whole State, and probably not fifty men who any more desire to read his book than they do the New Testament! There is no way of doing business but in a business way, and it is idle in Mr. E. to complain of the public's not purchasing his work without giving them an opportunity. Now let "A." strip off his jacket:—

"I perceive your friend 'A.' advises you to purchase the copyright of the 1st volume of my book, and the unpublished manuscripts of the 2d volume. I think he is rather too sanguine in his suggestions, without making enquiries first whether they can be purchased or not. I well know that they cannot, nor will not from me, for a cent less than the following prices, and to be paid either in *l'argent* or *l'or*—gold or silver—not rags, before delivery:—For the copyright of the 1st volume, and all the copies of the same remaining upon hand, and to be taken at the different places of deposit free from any expense, $10,000. For the 2d volume, the manuscripts, letters, &c., $30,000. This sum I must and will have for them or nothing. I promised the public in the first instance to publish the 2d volume, provided only I was fully remunerated for the 1st, which I have not been; therefore I am not, nor will I be bound to publish the 2d volume, unless I am fully rewarded for both. Subscriptions for the 2d will not do, I must first sell the 1st volume. If the public wish me to publish, let them patronise my 1st volume, and they shall have the 2d—but not without—I must have all or nothing. I am not able to publish any more without. I will not go into debt.

Very respectfully, Sir, I am
Your most obed't serv't,

Lynesville, N. C., June 28th, 1839. PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR.

LETTER FROM MISTER DAVID SNEEZER.

LOW DOWN ON JAMES' RIVER, 27th June, 1839.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I've bin wantin' to rite to you some time, but if you'll bleve me, I never had courage till now, and I spect tis oing to the fore drinks I've took, and thinking so much about it, for tis gest twelve o'clock, and I begins about that time or a leetle before. What first made me write to you, was seeing your paper; a nabor of mine takes her, and I sees them letters from *Kurnel Whetstone* and sombody that calls his self *Boots*—and some time ago I sees some from the "*Gals who live in the uper part of your place*," but I aint seen none lately. What's the matter with 'em? is they all move away? do pray try and make 'em rite again; for I loves to see 'em out.

I see some time ago in one of your papers 'bout the Fairfield races; now, the man that made out that ar to you lef out something. He never say nothing 'bout a match what was to be run, two miles heats, $500 side, between a little horse they called *Peter Spyk*, an a filly I bleve was named *Mary Slow*. Now you see I had knoed of that ar race for a long time, and I come up from way down the country purpose to see it, and as Adam is going up to Richmond 'bout dis time with some fish I thort I wood send dis letter by him. Now Adam is a mighty good boy, and I'll tell him to get somebody to show him where the post-office is, and I no doubt you will get it.

Well Sir, de morning of the race de little mare showed every sine she was going to run—they even plated her, and every body thort that they were shoer to run; and I, bless your soul, had gest got my two dollars ready to go 'pon that ar little horse, but when the horn blode, she never come, and the consequence was, she had to plug up two hundred and fifty dollars forfit, but *Mager D*****, (you don't no him,) he is a monstrus good man—he had the management of the horse; and, to kepe up the sport, he 'greed to run a mile trial; and shoer enuff, presently out they come, un if ever you see a streke of lighting you must have seed that little horse—"Lordy massy," and they never let him run neither. I is very sorry for the man that ones the little mare; he is a mighty good man, and I nose him well. I think he rase from a bad stock. I tell you what, I was mighty mad when I found out they want guine to run; 'cause I come purpose to bet on the little horse; I was so mad, if you bleve me, I never even hardly look at the trial.

Wal, 'bout dis time, one of my friends come to me (I got hepe 'quaintances 'bout Richmond for all that I live so low down country); says he, "less go in and try our luck." "Go where?" says I; "hush—never mind, follow me and I will show you sights;" so in we goes into one place, and if ever I did see as many bottles, and as much good looking drink! Says he, "What'ill you take?" "Any thing you please," says I, and then he hollows out, "Two brandy todys," and presently we got 'em; and I'm be dogged if I bleve I tasted mine a bit, there was so much noise with glasses and ice. Presently I feels him tech me on the sholder, and I looks around and I seed him a going. I followed him. Presently we come to a door that was shut; there was a little old fellow setting down on a block; he look at me mighty hard, but he never said nothing; I spose he must have been door-keeper—but 'rectly I got in. If ever I heard money rattle I heard it there. I hadn't feched two steps 'fore I seen one of my old 'quaintances. He was putting a quarter at a time down on a thing they call *swet*, I was told, for I don't no nothing 'bout 'em, and I think there must be something in the name, for if ever I seed a fellow *swet so* in my born days! I never let him see me, 'cause I was 'frade he might be ashamed; and gest as my friend teched me again, I see him turn off, and heard him say "d—n" to sombody or somthing, and I did'nt see him again. Well, we went on till we got to the end of the house, but there was so many peple standing round and setting 'bout the table we could'nt see nothing. I had squz in rite smartly among 'em, when one fellow jump up, and I hear him say, "Well stranger, you flung me for a pile that time, if you did'nt I'll be d——d! She lost four times," and with that he cut out. I sliped in his place, and what is it I did'nt see! Why, I seed a little fellow setting on t'other side the table with a little tin box before him with cards in it; and I tell you I never seed the like before. He looked mighty badly, for one of his eyes was so red I spect it's gone out 'fore now. I spect he made money though, for I see him put a hepe of it in his box, (not the box where the cards was in, but a big box on the rite side of him) and I never see him give any out. Is them little white things they bet with worth any thing? I spose they is, for I see him give 'em for mony.

Mr. Editor, I aint a betting man no how, hardly; and if I was, I could'nt bet there, 'cause I don't no nothing about it, but I did think when I started from home, I'd go something 'pon this little *Spyke*, 'cause I nose him. Oh, how I wish you could see him—but I recon I have said enuff; I was mighty disappointed I tell you. I looked around for my frend, but he was gone; and, thinking it was no place for a man to make a living for a large family in, I put out. I tell you what, I've got a hepe er boys, and so I cut back to town, where I found Adam had alreddy sold out, and we soon hiched up and started.

Yours to the back bone,
DAVID SNEEZER.

NOVEL SPORT IN LOUISIANA.

Mr. Editor,—This comes from one of your subscribers just above the Crescent City (New Orleans), in the City of Lafayette, Louisiana. The thermometer stands to-day (July 2d,) at 90, and I have just witnessed a race between a hoosier from Salt River, and a butcher from New York. The butcher to run 50 yards; the Salt River chap 100 The butcher to carry a man weighing 200lbs. on his back. JNO. JACKMAN, of New York, age 30, pedigree unknown, his jockey T. G. Hyde. HILL, the ring-tail, got beat by 3 or 4 lengths.

I merely give you this account of the race, to let you know that we are for fun, whether in the way of racing or bull-baiting, trotting horses or dog fighting, masquerade balls or camp meetings, push pin or hustle cap. So I must bid you adieu for a short time, promising if any thing transpires worthy of notice, such as has taken place lately of hanging some of our big men in effigy, giving others a short notice to cut stick, &c., you shall have it. With best wishes for you and yours, I remain, respectfully, G.

A VISIT TO HEDNESFORD TRAINING GROUND,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS, HORSES IN TRAINING, &C.

Sallust deprecated a taste for painting as a vice, and compared it to intoxication. Although he was one of the greatest examples of luxury and corruption, his works abound in praises of virtue. Whilst his writings are characterised by the elegance of their style, he spares no pains to denounce the eloquence of the Grecian Orators. He is not the only writer who will be found unjustly to desecrate subjects as productive of evil, and at the same time sanction others which bear a similar character.

Racing has been more severely attacked than any other amusement; but those attacks have been made by persons the least acquainted with its operations—by theorists, judging not from their own experience or knowledge in Turf transactions, but from cases which have been unfairly brought before the public, and which they have laid down as common occurrences. To assert that there are no instances of fraud practised in racing, would be an evidence of the most perfect ignorance of the subject. Whatever engagements men enter into, there will be some persons who will endeavor to acquire greater than ordinary gains, if those engagements present opportunities; but it does not follow that all men, occupied by the same pursuit, are to practise dishonest means. The merchant is perfectly justified in making the most of his merchandise, so long as he is honest in his dealings: so also is the owner of a race-horse equally entitled to profit by his horse's exertions, in order to pay the charges of breeding and training, so long as he abstains from dishonorable transactions.

In spite of all the efforts which have been opposed to racing, it is evidently increasing: many more Stakes are advertised to be run for than formerly, and greater numbers of horses are in training.

The most noted place for training available to persons in the Midland Counties is at Hednesford, a scattered village in Staffordshire, situated between the market-town of Rugeley and the ancient village of Cannock, which latter place derives its name from an extensive waste or chase, said to comprehend about 25,000 acres, a portion of the southern boundary of which is used for exercise-ground. It was a celebrated forest in the time of the Mercians, and is recorded as a favorite chase of their monarchs. In those days stately oaks flourished in profusion; but several centuries have passed away since the devastating axe converted the once noble forest into a bleak and dreary waste. The turf is preserved with care, affording in the spring of the year a fine spongy surface. Here the delicate limbs of the race-horse extend their beautiful proportions—

> "Where trees unnumber'd in past ages grew,
> The green retreat of wood-nymphs—once the boast,
> The pride, the guardians of their native coast.
> Alas! how changed! each venerable oak
> Long since has yielded to the woodman's stroke!
> Where'er the cheerless prospect meets the eye,
> No shrub, no plant, except the heath, is nigh."

Here arises a comparison between the oak-tree and the race-horse: the oak furnishes us with a navy to protect our shores, whilst the race-horse supplies our cavalry with a noble breed to maintain our rights upon our native land.

Nearly in the centre of England, Hednesford possesses the advantage of being within reach of many racing meetings of the first importance. The Liverpool and Birmingham Railway passes within eight or nine miles, consequently all places on the line of that or the London and Birmingham, are easy of access. Thus Liverpool (the formidable rival to Doncaster), Manchester, and Newton are hence supplied by horses without more than two hours' walking on the road.

Chester also is within a moderate distance, and here the Hednesford horses generally muster in great force, and usually with more than an average share of success; and this year they had their full meed, as will be seen by the Calendar.

Wolverhampton is only twelve miles distant. The races at this very popular town have acquired a degree of importance beyond most country meetings. One great recommendation is an excellent course, which, although attended by immense crowds of people, is always well kept. However, the principal attraction is the liberal addition which is made to the Stakes, amounting altogether to three hundred pounds, independently of the subscription. There are two capital Handicaps, and a St. Leger Stake for three-year-olds, a Trial Stake, two Plates, and six or seven other races. They are conducted with the greatest regularity, and the moment the Stake is won the money is forthcoming, if required, which cannot be said at every place.

Lichfield, Newcastle, the Pottery, Bridgnorth, Ludlow, and Shrewsbury, afford opportunities of picking up numerous little fifties.

Until the present occasion, it is some years since I have visited this place, during which period many changes have occurred. In former days Mr. Mytton had a long string of horses—he and several of his cotemporaries are gathered to their fathers. Mr. Giffard was then a zealous and successful supporter of the Turf; but now he has declined it altogether, greatly to the regret of all who are connected with racing.

Such unforeseen events daily occur, that the best judges and the shrewdest calculators are very frequently disappointed in their expectations. It is natural to entertain a suspicion concerning any matter of fact when the evidence of individuals is opposed to each other. When the characters of those individuals are doubtful; when they have an interest in their assertions, it is still more reasonable that their testimony should be questioned when matter of opinion becomes the subject of consideration: if equally dependent upon the character and interests of the representative, it is still more open to scepticism. When a field of young horses are for the first time opposed to each other, their relative powers must of necessity be unknown. Various interests may prompt individuals to express their opinions as to the merits of such as they may be supposed to have some information upon. A prudent man will hesitate whether their declarations are to be relied upon—in the first place, as to whether they really have the means of acquiring the information which they represent; and in the second, whether there can be any motive for deception.

The chief purpose of my visit to Hednesford was to learn what horses are in training; and as far as might be judged by their action and appearance, to form some little idea of what their pretensions may be—only a superficial source of information at best; nevertheless, as far as my observations allowed me to investigate, I will endeavor to detail them.

Mr. Edmund Peel has a private establishment here, which, with the exception of one on a small scale very recently entered upon by Mr. Moss, is the only one that is not conducted by public trainers. Mr. Peel's house and premises are very commodious, situated on the left hand of the road leading to Rugeley. The house is sufficiently capacious to accommodate himself and family as an occasional residence; but his string of horses is not so large as formerly—an event to be lamented. The name of Peel is a guarantee for everything that is honorable and correct: if there were two or three such men in every county throughout England, the Turf would be supported with a lustre that would never be tarnished.

Lord trains for Mr. Peel. The following short list of horses compose his string, but they won more than an average number of Stakes last year:—

Gadfly, 4 yrs.
Saul, 4 yrs
Billy, 3 yrs.
Alzdorf, 3 yrs.
Drayton, 2 yrs.
Negus, 2 yrs.

Mr. Moss occupies the stables formerly tenanted by Walters; having been disappointed in some private training ground nearer to his residence, he has adopted the alternative of sending his horses here. The following comprise his lot:—

Maid Marian, 5 yrs.
Frailty, 4 yrs.
Ascanius, 4 yrs.
Colt by Belzoni, 4 yrs.
Hannibal, 4 yrs.
Alien, 3 yrs.
Miss Foote, Sister to Miss Charlotte, 3 yrs.
Colt by Stumps, half-bred.

Mr. Carr's is the oldest establishment at this place, and I found him "pursuing the even tenor of his way" with that degree of quiet respectability which is certain to ensure patronage, and his stables are well filled. He has the care of Lord Howth's horses when they are in England, and he has acquired a new Master in the Marquis of Waterford. It is to be hoped the Marquis's taste for racing will increase. Mr. Buckley's horses are also in Mr. Carr's stables. The subjoined is a list of all under his *surveillance*:—

Silenus, aged (late Lord Jersey's).
Bamfylde, aged.
The Sea, 6 yrs.
Dacre, 6 yrs.
Job Trotter, 6 yrs.
His Grace, 5 yrs.
Botheration, 5 yrs.
Ches. gelding by Priam, 5 y.
Tom, 4 yrs.
Filly by Emancipation out of Miniature, 4 yrs.
Compensation, 4 yrs.
Jock, 4 yrs.
Charley, 3 yrs.
Colt by Emancipation, dam by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs.
Sister to Gilbert Gurney, 3 y.
Colt by Brutandorf, out of Regatta, 3 yrs.
Filly by Pickpocket, out of Compensation's dam, 3 y.
Dunston, 2 yrs.
Little Clown, half-bred.
Colt by Pickpocket, half-bd.

Several attempts have been made by the Hednesford trainers to win Derbys and St. Legers, but none of them have succeeded except Mr. Flintoff, who trained Birmingham when he won the St. Leger. Without making comparisons of the abilities of one man over those of another, I must give him the credit which he justly merits for skill and good management. One thing speaks highly for his discernment; for the last fifteen years he has not had a single horse break down in running, and when it is observed that during that time he has always had a number of horses under his care, this is saying a great deal. He has got old Independence as a pensioner: the poor old horse is fortunate in having a good master, who only uses him to ride about home.—Mr. Fowler's horses are trained by Mr. Flintoff: they are a formidable team. This gentleman has become quite a leading man at the races in the neighborhood. Several of his horses have been purchased from Mr. Nowell's stud: he has, however, a small but select stud of mares at his own residence. I noticed the following horses at exercise:—

Heron, 6 yrs.
Gilbert Gurney, 4 yrs.
Prudence, 4 yrs.
Profligate, 3 yrs.
Lepidus, 3 yrs.
Concordia, 3 yrs.
} Mr. Fowler's
Lallah Rookh, 2 y.
C. by Saracen out of Minikin, 2 y.
} Mr. Fowler's
Goshawk, 5 yrs
Bilboa, 4 yrs.
The Friar, 4 yrs
Elegance, 3 yrs.
Plover, by Muley out of Young Mignionette, 2 yrs.
Colt by Muley out of Dulcamara, 2 yrs.
Filly by Colwick, 2 yrs.

Mr. Alderman Copeland has the greatest number of horses on the hills of any one person; they are under the care of Mr. Walters, who resides in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Arthur. They are comprised in the following list:—

King Cole, 6 yrs.
Prime Warden, 5 yrs.
May-the-First, 3 yrs.
The Deputy, 3 yrs.
Vertumnus, 4 yrs.
Sir Mark, 3 yrs.
Spelter, 3 yrs.
Fairy, 5 yrs.
Solomon Bennet, 2 yrs.
The Rose, 2 yrs.
Filly by Priam or Zinganee, 2 yrs.
Filly by Olympus, 2 yrs.
Filly by Camel, 2 yrs.
Colt by Belzoni, 2 yrs.

Mr. Sanders resides in the house formerly occupied by the late Mr. Edward Spencer, who was in his time one of the best country jockeys we had. Captain Lamb, Mr. Painter, and Mr. Phillips are the owners of most of the following horses:—

Chit-chat, 5 yrs.
Nimrod, 4 yrs.
Speed, 3 yrs.
Colt by Belzoni, 2 yrs.
Ernest the First, 3 yrs.
Angela, 4 yrs.
Patroness, 5 yrs.
Filly by Emancipation out of Tintoretta, 3 yrs.
Kitty Cockle, 5 yrs.
Kitty, 4 yrs.
Frank, by Priam, 3 yrs.
Filly by Clearwell, 3 yrs.
Filly by Langar, 2 yrs.
Fanny Duggle, 2 yrs.

These three horses are likewise at Mr. Sanders', under the care of Atkinson, Mr. Meiklam's private trainer:—

Modesty, 5 yrs.
Wee Willie, 4 yrs.
The Drone, 4 yrs.

Mr. Arthur having let his house to Alderman Copeland's trainer, he has taken another at the village of Cannock, where he intends to resume the occupation which he has for the last few years declined. He has at present only two horses in his stables—The Pedlar and The Poet. He was a successful trainer, and gave satisfaction to his employers, and will, doubtless, when his intentions are known, have his share of horses.

Considering the number of horses that are in work, there does not appear to be anything very formidable. None of them have engagements in the great races in the South except The Deputy, who is in two Stakes at Ascot, but it is more than doubtful about his running for either of them.

These hills are well adapted for spring work; the subsoil is gravel, with a good turf on the surface; consequently they are never deep, but in dry weather they become very hard. Within the last ten years certain rules have been drawn up and agreed to by every person using the exercise-ground for the purpose of keeping it in good order: each trainer takes it by turns for a year to superintend the rolling and such repairs as may be deemed requisite; a subscription is paid by the owner of each horse trained here, which subscription forms a fund for the payment of the necessary expenditure. A more frequent application of the roller would be beneficial: it would improve the surface, without making the bottom more solid than it now is.

One of the principal recommendations of this place to train on is the great variety of gallops. To enumerate them all, or to attempt to describe them separately, would be superfluous. The "sweat" is something in form of a horse-shoe, having a turn at each end: it is two miles and a quarter over; consequently horses usually go the distance twice. It is what is termed give-and-take; that is, there is hilly ground to ascend and descend alternately.

There are several very strong gallops to be found, all of them having more or less hill.

It was formerly the custom to water the horses whilst out at exercise at a large pool by the side of the road leading to Rugeley: this practice is now generally discontinued, and, I am inclined to observe, very judiciously. In the first place, if a horse have his water from the pool in the morning, and in the stable from a pump in the evening, he has two sorts of water in the day, which may not agree with each other: in the next place, after the circulation of the blood has been increased by exercise, I cannot sanction a volume of cold water being taken into the stomach till the horse has had plenty of time to become cool. The water from the pumps is in general soft and good.

There are at present only two jockeys residing at Hednesford—George Whitehouse, Marlow, and Dodgson. Mr. Edmund Peel was Whitehouse's first master: he can ride very light. George Calloway, however, lives at Lichfield, and William Lear at Brewood, both which places are within an hour's ride.

Many of the horses which are now in training on these hills are from Mr. Nowell's stud. That gentleman breeds for sale only, and offers his yearlings annually at Doncaster; this enables those who do not breed to make a selection.

Mr. Edmund Peel has a stud of mares, and breeds most of the horses which he trains. I hope to have an opportunity of inspecting them in the course of the summer, which, with some other studs in the neighborhood, will form a subject for future observation. He has an old acquaintance of mine, who ought to rank high as a stallion: he is as well-bred as any horse in the world, is of great size, was a good runner, and his symmetry is excellent—I allude to Doctor Faustus. He has been in Wales almost ever since he was used as a stallion, and has not had many good mares: now that he will have a chance, I shall expect to hear of his getting race-horses.

A stud farm was established a few years ago near Birmingham, by Mr. Stovin, whose intention it was to breed for sale only. Unfortunate events, entirely unconnected with the undertaking, have terminated his control over it. The yearlings are already sold, and the mares and foals will be subjected to public competition in the course of the summer. So much good judgment was evinced in the selection of the mares, and the management was so good in every department, that it is a great misfortune to have such a stud broken up. I purpose having a treat once more before they are totally dispersed, and shall then be able to offer a more minute description of them.

At Stafford there is an old-established stud belonging to Mr. Painter: he has some very superior mares. Eleanor, by Muley, produced him a colt last year by Sir Hercules, which is not to be surpassed: he possesses great bone, with all the requisite appearances of a race-horse. There is also a very fine filly by Muley Moloch out of Tintoretta. The stallion which he has this year is The Tulip, a very lengthy racing-like sort of horse, and as well-bred as any horse in the Stud Book. His trials are asserted to have been wonderful.

Although Mr. Fowler has many horses at Mr. Flintoff's, his breeding stud is on a small scale. His mares are, Billingsgate, mare by Filho, and Coquette. He has a promising colt, own Brother to his horse Heron, two years old, just broke; and a colt of the same age, by St. Nicholas out of Coquette, very powerful. This, with a filly by Priam out of Eliza, are all the two year olds. The flower of the flock is a chesnut colt, by Sir Hercules, out of Minikin by Manfred, bought from Mr. Stovin. Sir Hercules gets some extraordinary foals. Cain is the sire of a yearling from Coquette, and she has just produced a colt by Bran

CECIL.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for June.

ON CRIB-BITING

BY G. HOLMES, ESQ., V. S., THIRSK, YORKSHIRE

[*From the British Veterinarian*]

It may, perhaps, be thought presumptuous in me to offer an opinion as to what is the cause of the disease, or habit, in the horse commonly known by the name of *crib-biting*; but it is a subject which concerns every one that has to do with horses; and none more than the veterinary surgeon.

There seems to be a variety of opinions as to what is the cause of crib-biting. Some persons consider it to depend upon a diseased state of the stomach. Others attribute it to long abstinence from food, when the animal, feeling a gnawing pain at the stomach, arising from a want of food, this viscus is supposed to collapse; and, to prevent these unpleasant sensations, he draws in a quantity of air, which serves to distend this organ. Others, again, maintain that the horse learns it from seeing other horses cribbing: while some suppose it to result from eating dry and stimulating food, thus overcharging the system with blood; and a few attribute it to feeding on mouldy hay, and musty oats In fact, so numerous and so varied are the opinions of practitioners on this subject, that it is difficult to arrive at anything like a just conclusion.

I confess I do not think that crib-biting is a disease in its first stages; but it is a habit acquired by young horses, and one that is very rarely met with in old ones, or such as have been for any length of time in the stable. Let us for a moment reflect on the important change which takes place when a young horse is brought from grass, where his whole time has been taken up with his companions, in observing the various objects around him which naturally attracted his attention; or eating, eighteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four. I believe every one will admit that they never saw a young horse take to crib-biting, or any act that similates it, in the fields. The reason, I think, is very obvious, viz., that he has always something to amuse him.

We will now cursorily pass in review the opinions that have been held. And first, that of the practitioners who assert crib-biting to be produced by a long abstinence from food. In a state of nature, the stomach always contains a certain quantity of aliment; but when the horse is stable-fed, it is given very irregularly; consequently, this viscus is frequently without anything in it, which causes it to collapse, and this is followed by the unpleasant sensation before spoken of, and to overcome which the horse takes to biting the crib. During this act a quantity of air passes into the stomach and distends it, and this satisfies, to a certain degree, the craving appetite, or, at least, allays the gastric irritation. But I would ask, where are the horses that are fed more regularly than the race-horse and the hunter? and what horses are more subject to crib-biting than these, particularly the race-horse?

To this must be added the fact, that a crib-biter generally cribs the most when he is feeding. I have frequently seen them do it the whole time they have been eating their food. I cannot, therefore, think that this is a cause, or has anything whatever to do with it. I state this, although Professor Coleman, whose opinion on most matters connected with the horse we highly esteem, considers it to be the sole cause in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; and yet every one knows that in feeding racers and hunters the greatest regularity is observed—in fact, five minutes with them is an object.

I am also equally bold in asserting my conviction that the eating of mouldy hay or musty corn is not a cause of, or has anything to do with crib-biting. My proof is, that the race-horse, which is fed upon the very best of provender, is, strange to say, the most addicted to the act; while on the other hand, the cart-horse, who has frequently the worst provender set before him, seldom becomes a cribber.

As to the opinion of those who suppose cribbing to be produced by horses standing in the stable with others that have acquired the habit, this, I allow, may be the case now and then with young horses—such as have lately been brought from the field, and compelled to stand in the stable for any length of time; but I have never known a horse that had been domesticated for two or three years take to it from seeing or standing by the side of another who was a cribber. I have known cribbers stand in stables with eight, ten, or twelve horses, and not one of these ever became a cribber.

I think it a very rare case indeed, that ever an old horse becomes a crib-biter, let him be placed where he may. Nevertheless, there is against me the evidence of three veterinary surgeons, in a case lately tried at York, in 1838 (Freer *v.* Hudson). They aver that old horses are as likely to become crib-biters as young ones. One of them said, that when a horse was perfectly free from cribbing, or any of its symptoms, on one day, he was likely to become a crib-biter on the next, and had done so. This was in the case of a horse nine or ten years old. How far this statement is correct those who are acquainted with the diseases of horses will be best able to judge.

I hope I have stated sufficient to shew that crib-biting does not proceed either from abstinence, bad provender, or imitation. How far my professional brethren and the public may agree with me I know not; but if my own opinion, which I shall shortly state, is incorrect, I hope that some one, more able and better qualified than I am, may be induced to give us his views upon so important a subject: my only object being to make the public better acquainted with its causes and effects, and upon what grounds a horse is rendered unsound by it.

I believe, then, crib-biting to be a habit which takes place in consequence of the change which is produced in the animal when brought from a state approaching that of nature into an artificial one,—a state of domestication. He is taken from an open field, where he had nothing to do but to feed and gaze about him, and amuse himself by an occasional gallop. The food which he there gathers is of such a character as requires him to be almost continually eating; and when he is satisfied, he has his companions and surrounding objects to amuse him. One thing having lost its attraction, another presents itself; and thus his time is constantly occupied, and never becomes burthensome to him.

But observe how widely different the situation in which he is afterwards placed! He is put into a stable, which is a prison to him. There he stands perhaps two or three-and-twenty hours out of the twenty-four; or sometimes for weeks, or months, is never out of it. The provender placed before him is of a dry and stimulating nature. He can no longer roam up and down the fields for his natural food, which it took him so much time to collect; but a quantity is put before him, and of that nature, too, that a little serves him, in comparison with what he used to crop in the field. In the stable he will probably be eating only three hours out of the twenty-four.

Allowing, then, the former statement to be correct, viz., that the animal is eating twenty hours out of the twenty-four, there remains a balance of seventeen hours. Is it not natural to suppose, that when placed in a situation so different from that to which he had previously been accustomed, he should acquire some habit such as crib-biting, and particularly as he is a young horse? When a colt is taken up from grass and placed in the stable, having nothing to amuse himself with, his manger is the first and most convenient thing within his reach. The top of this is generally round and smooth. He begins first to lick it. I think that all will bear me out in this remark, that the horse usually, or always, licks before he takes to cribbing. The licking pleases him by occupying his attention; and by the motion of the tongue the glands are excited to throw out an increased quantity of saliva. This habit continues for some time, perhaps a fortnight or three weeks, or even a month or more, as horses vary much in the length of time they practise it.

It is very important to know how long the horse generally is acquiring the habit of crib-biting, and the question ought to be set at rest by veterinary surgeons, if it be possible; for it is a constant matter of dispute between buyers and sellers—the latter declaring that the horse was free from the complaint when in his hands; whilst the buyer as unhesitatingly asserts that he observed him to be a cribber the second or third day, or perhaps a week at the utmost, after he got him. The question then commonly asked by the court is, How long is the horse acquiring this habit? My own experience teaches me that young horses *lick* a fortnight or three weeks before they take to cribbing; and as to old horses, I have before said I do not remember any one to have become a cribber after having been domesticated for two or three years.

I hope the Gentlemen of the Association will take this point into their serious consideration, and endeavor to set at rest the various and conflicting opinions at present existing as to *How long a horse is in acquiring this habit?*

After the horse has been licking the manger for a period varying from two to three weeks, he generally begins to crib; but this is not always the case, as I have known horses to be lickers for years, and never become cribbers. He takes hold of the upper part of the manger with his teeth, and by making this a fixed point, there is a partial vacuum formed. The air being then drawn in by the mouth, passes thence into the stomach—which nature doubtlessly never intended—and thus the animal is predisposed to certain complaints which render him unsound.

It may be said by some, Why does one horse take to cribbing, while another, placed in precisely similar circumstances, remains free from it? I answer, because all horses are not of the same disposition. Among human beings, some will be found who are perfectly at ease and happy in any situation; while others, in the same circumstances, would make their lives one continued period of misery. So it is with the horse; the disposition of one differs considerably from that of another. While one feels regardless of everything around him, another is never easy without something to amuse himself with: *this I conceive to be the sole cause of crib-biting.*

The best preventitive I know of is, not to let the animal stand in the stable too long. If this cannot be accomplished, he should be placed upon *pulley-reins*, so that he cannot reach the manger. I am convinced that if this method were adopted it would be the means of preventing many horses from being cribbers. I know not of any particular remedy for a horse after he has become a cribber, excepting the *neck-strap*, which is generally used for that purpose.

I have been told that cutting off a part of the *tongue* will be effectual in the worst of cases; but I have never tried it, and hope I never shall be induced to do so; nor have I ever seen it tried. It may have the desired effect, for doubtless when a portion of the tongue is taken off, the power to draw in the air does not exist as before; but it is an operation that I should never think of performing, for, by endeavoring to remedy one evil, we are creating another; to say nothing about the *inhumanity* of the thing.

As to *soundness*—There needs little to prove that a horse that is a crib-biter is, in every sense of the word, an *unsound* one, although I believe that this is denied by some veterinary surgeons. A horse that is a crib-biter has certain symptoms, besides that of biting his manger, by which he can be immediately recognized. He seldom or never carries much flesh. His coat is staring, and generally long. This proves the sympathy that exists between the stomach and the skin. The state of the skin is only the effect; the condition of the stomach being the cause, and that arising from a foreign body being placed there.

There can be no doubt that the powers of digestion are considerably weakened, and the animal is thus predisposed to various diseases, such as spasmodic and flatulent colic; and this for the reason already assigned,—that every time the horse cribs he draws a quantity of air into the stomach, which is an organ made to receive food, and not atmospheric air. In addition to this it may be remarked, that the stomach of the horse differs from that of man and other animals. When air or other matter once enters his stomach, he has not the power to expel it by the mouth again, in consequence of the strong muscular fibres that are arranged in a valve-like manner at the cardiac orifice.

Since the air occupies space, the same as the food does, the stomach has two bodies instead of one to contract upon. Its parities are of course preternaturally distended, and in process of time must be materially weakened. The horse is likewise subject to colic from the same cause,—the air which passes from the stomach into the bowels—and which disease frequently proves fatal if not promptly attended to. After what has been advanced, I think few will be inclined to dispute the position, that crib-biters are, in every sense of the word, *unsound*.

I do not deny that a horse may work well, and remain in tolerably good condition, provided means are used to prevent his cribbing; yet a horse that is a cribber I should consider to be worth, in a public market, not more than one-third of the value of a sound one; although he may be as useful for work as one that is free from it, if preventives are used.

I hope it will not be considered I have taken up too much of your invaluable time in thus freely stating my opinions. My motives are solely to elicit information for myself, my professional brethren, and the public in general. If, therefore, any beneficial results are derived from the foregoing statements, my object will be fully obtained. I am, &c.

Considerable sensation prevails among the bakers in Edinburgh by the discovery of an article possessing all the qualities of the wheat, and of a cheaper cost.

ON THE CROSS BREED OF SHEEP.

THE COTSWOLD AND THE SOUTHDOWN.

To the Editor of the British Farmer's Magazine: Sir,—Having seen in your paper at different times various communications from your correspondent, Mr. Twynam, on the above subject, as also an address in your paper of the 6th inst , from Mr. Fielder, President of the last Stockbridge Cattle Show, I am induced to offer a few remarks as the result of some considerable experience; and in doing so, Sir, I would most distinctly deprecate the idea of entering on any newspaper controversy with Mr. Twynam, for which I have neither time, inclination, or ability. I have always read his communications with great interest, more particularly one at the commencement of the last harvest, on "the yellow maggot in the wheat," an article which reflected on him the highest credit for accuracy of observation, and diligence of research. I know but of one drawback from his letters; it would be well if he threw into them less of personal feeling, and dealt less in invective and sarcasm on his brother farmers; these are poor weapons at the best, and truth needs not their aid.

Having been in the occupation of an extensive sheep farm for several years, and in the habit of shearing about twelve hundred Southdown sheep annually, when the value of wool increased so materially as it did about six years since, it became with me a matter of considerable moment to pay particular attention to the weight and value of the fleece. Not feeling satisfied with the weight of the Southdown fleece, and with a view to its increase, I was induced, in the year 1833, to cross the whole of my ewes with the Cotswold ram; I have continued the cross ever since, using the Cotswold ram with the Down ewes, and putting half-bred rams to their half-bred progeny, so that at the present time my whole stock (excepting lambs of the present year) consists of the genuine half breeds.

I perfectly agree with Mr. Twynam that there is no difficulty in perpetuating them as a distinct breed possessing a considerable degree of uniformity, that there is no great objection on the score of hardiness, and that they yield an increased individual weight both of fleece and carcass. Yet having made these admissions I am compelled to state, as the result of my own experience, that it is *not* the most profitable breed to the farmer, and have followed up my conviction by adding myself last year to the list of those who are crossing back again to the Southdowns.

There are two or three serious objections to the breed which appear to have been lost sight of; they require more food per head, the same number cannot be kept on a farm as of the Southdowns. I take upon myself to state this, not as a mere matter of opinion, but as a decided fact, I have been obliged to lessen the number of my flock annually, as my half-breds have increased. I have now only 1000 on the same extent of land where six years since I kept 1200 Southdowns, and to enable me to keep that number I am obliged to resort to a greater extent of artificial food. These numbers apply to ewes and dry sheep, and do not include the lambs. They are not so prolific as the Southdowns, so many lambs cannot be reared, the ewes are continually turning, and eventually a considerable number of them prove entirely barren. I know this to have been the experience of some others as well as myself. From a breeding flock of 600 ewes I cannot raise so many lambs by nearly 100 as I formerly did from the same number of Downs, and as my immediate neighbors are in the habit of doing. When they come to be disposed of at the fair, their relative value cannot be obtained, that is, a larger framed cross bred sheep will realize but little, if any, more than a smaller framed Down. Mr. Twynam and some few other crack keepers have obtained considerably higher prices, but those have been frequently fancy prices, and would not apply to the regular sale sheep of farmers in general.

I cannot but think Mr. Twynam's challenges amount to very little indeed if intended to decide which is the most profitable breed. He may very probably produce ten, twenty, or a hundred cross breeds which cannot be matched for weight of fleece and carcass by the same number of Downs, and at the same time leave the point as undecided as ever. Every practical farmer will at once see that it is very possible for a given extent of land, and quantity of food, when stocked by Southdowns to produce a greater aggregate weight of wool and carcase, and consequently to be the more profitable, while at the same time he may admit that an equal extent of land and food stocked with a smaller number of cross breeds may produce *individual* weights which may be greater, though the aggregate may be considerably less. I can have but one motive in coming to a decision adverse to the cross, it has been forced upon me by experience, and in arriving at it I have been reluctantly obliged to give up long cherished prejudices and prepossessions in its favor. I would beg my brother farmers who possess flocks of Southdowns, to pause before they take a step which is easily taken, but which will require years before it can be retraced.

I have omitted to state, that after the first year the weight of the cross bred fleece does not so much exceed that of the Down as from its appearance would be anticipated, it is not what is technically called a weighing fleece, what it gains in *length* of staple it very much loses in *closeness*.

I think it very possible by selection to obtain a flock of Southdowns, with fleeces possessing sufficient length of staple for combing, and weighing but little, if any, less than those of the cross breed.

Thinking it right that a letter of this description should be authenticated, I subscribe myself your obedient servant, Joseph Tanner.

Urchfont, near Devizes. Wilts.

BEES SWARMING,

With bees, in most cases, is an act of necessity, and may commonly be prevented by timely enlargement, and decreasing the temperature of the hive. As soon as warm weather sets in, a common hive becomes filled with an augmented population. Every part is crowded to excess: no storing room is left, the heat becomes insupportable, and at length the emigration of a part of the inhabitants must take place. On the occasion of a first swarm, the old queen leads it forth, usually leaving her successor to the throne still in embryo. About an equal proportion of old and young bees, and (though not without exceptions) several hundreds of drones form the swarm. It is not an unusual thing to hear a boast of a number of swarms or casts (as the second swarms are called) from a stock of bees, which will even sometimes throw off a swarm the first year. Nothing is proved by this but the fact, that an otherwise thriving colony has been weakened (if not destroyed) by being split up into fractions, which ought to have been held together as the greatest security against every evil, and the surest source of profit to the proprietor. In the words of Gelien—"In the swarming season the strong hives are almost entirely filled with brood combs. At that time also honey becomes abundant, and when fine days succeed each other, the working bees amass an astonishing quantity. But where is it to be stored? Must they wait till the young bees have left the brood-cells, by which time the early flowers will be withered? What is to be done in this dilemma? Mark the resources of the industrious bees, they search in the neighborhood for a place where they may deposit their honey until the young shall have left the combs in which they were hatched. If they fail in this object they crouch together in the front of their habitation, forming prodigious clusters. It is not uncommon to see them building combs on the outside." In general honey-gathering is altogether suspended necessarily under the circumstances just stated, and swarming follows. Can anything be more opposed to the habits of these industrious creatures, or more injurious to the interest of the proprietor, than this state of things? Common sense, and observation of the natural instinct of these little animals, point out the remedy, viz., a temporary increase of space, which is furnished by Nature, when the bees voluntarily take up their abodes in the large hollows of trees, or under the spacious and well-ventilated roofs of buildings.

Taylor's Bee-Keeper's Manual.

ON RAISING CALVES.

FROM REV. HENRY COLMAN'S SECOND REPORT.

Braintree, Mass., January 13, 1838.

Rev. Mr. Colman:—*Dear Sir:*—In answer to your inquiries respecting the mode which I have adopted in raising cattle, I can merely say, that I have for ten or fifteen years preferred to raise calves that come in the fall of the year, rather than those that come in the spring, for two important reasons: the first, and equally important is, the great saving in expense. Those that I have raised within the above time, have not cost more than one quarter part so much as those that I formerly raised. They used generally to be with the cow from eight to ten weeks. The usual quantity of milk which they took was about eight quarts per day each: the common price of milk has been twelve and one half cents per gallon, and four cents per single quart, and more sold by the quart than by the gallon. Upon calculation, you will see, that it would cost about seventeen dollars, upon the lowest price of milk, to prepare a calf to go to pasture; in addition, calves that are raised in the Spring, generally come in when two years old, which I think too young; the cows are not so good nor so large, and will not hold out so long, having come to maturity too soon.

Another difficulty which arises from letting the calves take the milk from the cow is, when you turn them to pasture they are very uneasy, continually bawling after their mother, eat but little, and fall away in flesh, and are often stinted. Those that are raised in the fall or winter, do not generally come in until they are two and one half years old, are much larger, and continue good cows much longer. The expense of raising them in the old way, has been so much, that scarcely a single calf is raised in this vicinity. Consequently our farmers have bought their young cattle from droves from different parts of the country, and have had no opportunity to select the breed, the result of which is a *miserable breed of cattle.* Now sir, the mode which I have adopted (with great success) is, I take my calves (that come in the fall or winter,) from the cow when three or four days old, (as the case may be,) I take a small quantity of good English hay, and make a tea from it; I add a small quantity of milk, and a very little molasses to it. The calf drinks freely, and very soon becomes very fond of it, and having got the taste, will eat hay at three weeks old, with as much eagerness as a calf will usually eat grass at ten weeks old. As they increase in age, I decrease in the quantity of milk, unless I happen to have a large quantity of poor milk. I make the tea pretty strong, and give them about as much as they would usually require of milk, twice a-day, with a few carrots cut up fine, and also as much hay as they will eat. The hay that the tea is made of is not lost, as the cattle will eat it all. I generally have a kettle with hay in it on the fire all the time; a small quantity of hay will make enough for morning and night. I have been very much indebted to the Hon. John Wells, of Boston, for the breed of my cattle; have had them of him, and without exception, I think his breed of cattle is by far the best in this country. I have found no difficulty in selling my cows, from fifty dollars to a much higher price. I think a calf may be raised till it is ten weeks old, in the manner I have adopted, for the small sum of three dollars—the trouble is but trifling. If the above remarks, or any part of them, are of any service to the public, they are at your service. With much esteem, your friend and humble servant,

Minot Thayer.

THE WOOLLEN TRADE.

The following particulars respecting wool and woollen manufactures, during the year 1838, are extracted from a return made to the House of Commons, dated 7th February, 1839:—

Sheep and Lambs' Wool imported into the United Kingdom in 1838:—

From	Russia	3,769,102
	Denmark	480,057
	Prussia	181,291
	Germany	27,506,282
	Holland	138,340
	Belgium	263,371
	France	228,630
	Portugal and Madeira	627,469
	Spain	1,814,877
	Gibraltar	172,648
	Italy	1,758,894
	Malta	11,866
	Morea	86,073
	Turkey	762,018
	Morocco	511,426
	Cape of Good Hope	422,506
	St. Helena	1,172
	Mauritius	695
	East Indian Company's territories	1,897,266
	New South Wales	5,323,411
	Van Diemen's Land	2,420,992
	Swan River Settlement	23,020
	British North American Colonies	4,213
	British West Indies	978
	United States America	57,785
	Colombia	188
	States Rio de la Plata	1,109,633
	Chili	646,044
	Peru	2,304,088
	Guernsey and Jersey	15
	Foreign wool	52,594,355
	Produce of the Isle of Man	12,141
	Total quantity imported	52,606,496
Quantity of foreign sheep and lambs' wool retained for home consumption		45,799,663
Duty free, being the produce of British possessions		10,039,934
Total quantity retained for home consumption		55,819,597
Total quantity re-exported		1,897,860
Total quantity of foreign wool under bond 5th January, 1839		4,017,610
Total value of British sheep and lambs' wool exported in the year 1838		£5,851,340
Ditto of woollen and worsted yarn, including yarn of wool or worsted mixed with other materials		£3,085,892
Declared value of British woollen manufactures exported from the United Kingdom in 1838		£5,795,069

British Farmer's Magazine.

BOTS.

Whether this insect produces injury to the horse, or otherwise; whether it adheres by the head, or by the forceps of the tail to the coat of the stomach; and whether any substances not powerful enough to endanger the life of the horse, are of any avail, when attacked, as is generally supposed, by this insect, are questions that have excited much debate among those who profess to be versed in the diseases of that useful animal, the horse. Youatt and Clark, by a physiological examination of this larvæ, have proved that he fastens himself by the tentaculæ of the head, and that he sometimes penetrates the coat of the stomach; but extensive and numerous dissections of the stomach of horses supposed to have died with the "bots," also proved that death from this cause, or indeed injury, was very rare, and that in most cases the cholic, produced by injudicious treatment, was the source of the animal's death.

Mr. Green, of Massachusetts, has communicated to the Medical Register, a valuable paper on the habits of the bot, from which we extract the following statement of the effect produced on the living bot when subjected to the action of some of the substances generally used as remedies for such attacks. In these experiments, the larvæ were three-fourths grown, and vigorous.

Immersed in,	Lived Hours.	Min.	
Rum	25	00	
Decoction of Tobacco	11	00	
Strong Elixir Vitriol	2	18	
Essential Oil of Mint	2	5	
Volatile Spirit	0	56	
Spirits of Turpentine	0	45	
Decoction of Pink Root	10	00	No effect.
Fish Oil	40	00	
Linseed Oil	10	00	
Tincture of Aloes	10	00	
Brine	10	00	
Solution of Indigo	10	00	
Elixir Camphor	10	00	

The experiments marked no effect were continued for the time stated and then discontinued. It has been generally believed that mercury was effectual in destroying the bot; but Mr. G. immersed a number of small bots, with one large one, in a strong solution of corrosive sublimate. The small bots died in about sixty minutes, but the large one was taken out six hours afterwards apparently unhurt. Of all the substances tried by Mr. G., none caused them to let go their hold on the stomach (after the death of the animal of course) except strong vitriolic acid; and this, it is well known, could not be safely administered to the living horse. The spirits of turpentine would seem the most efficacious, as well as safe, of all the remedies that could be directly applied, and great care would be required in exhibiting even this, lest it should, in this case, as in many others, prove that the remedy was worse than the disease.

Genesee Farmer.

Infant Schools of Horticulture and Agriculture in France.—[Copied from the Laborer's Friends' Magazine for April, 1839.]—An establishment has lately been formed in the department of Gard, for giving practical lessons in horticulture and agriculture to children. Full success has attended the attempt, and the example is about to be followed in other quarters. Two acres of empty land were divided into nursery, corn-land, flower-gardens, and kitchen-gardens. All the inhabitants of the neighborhood assist in conveying instruction to the children, or in smoothing their progress. A regular instructor is appointed, who gives lessons on gardening, in which he is aided by the cultivators who live near. The Mayor and the Curé employ their influence in putting aside such obstacles as prejudice or long-established custom might throw in their way. The forest ranger is useful in pointing out the exact state of the laws respecting trees, and the proprietors of land supply seed, corn, and flowers. Half of the produce is given up to the instructor, a portion of the other half is distributed as a recompense amongst the pupils, and the remainder is sold to the inhabitants of the village. After some time a considerable sum is raised from these sales, the money is laid out in defraying the general expenses, in purchasing tools, in providing seed without being indebted for it to the kindness of the proprietors, and in increasing the emoluments of the instructor. The little farm is thus found to advance rapidly to perfection, and in a short time is the most productive spot of ground in the country; of course it is understood that all the work is done by the pupils; were it otherwise, the object of the institution would be entirely lost, as practical instruction would no longer be given. These infant schools for horticulture and agriculture are on the increase in France.

Journal d'Agriculture Pratique.

Caoutchouc Horse-Shoes.—The London "Veterinarian" says:—"The well-known elasticity of this substance, together with the analogy of its nature and consistence with the natural state of some parts of the foot, seem to point it out not only as a remedy in abnormal states of this organ, but as a conservative application in its more healthy condition. To the physical property of elasticity, although only partially possessed by leather, may be attributed the chief benefit, if not all the advantages, derived from the use of it; it is a spring interposed between the shoe and the foot, which, diminishing the force of the concussion, obviates a portion of its evil effects. Caoutchouc is a non-conductor of electricity, and probably may possess some protective influence over the various delicate tissues and beautiful organization of the foot. The debilitating effect of metallic contact is known and well appreciated by the humane physician.

Pedestrianism Extraordinary.—At three o'clock on Monday morning, for a wager of 300*l*., Lieutenant Stephens, 61st, began his herculean task of moving on foot 75 miles in 12 hours. The place appointed was Kilcommon, on the Anglesey-road, a mountainous district of Tipperary, over a marked course of two-and-a-half miles, rather up and down hill. When he had traversed forty miles, odds were made (but not taken) that he would accomplish the feat within time, but unfortunately after the 47th mile, he was obliged to give in with a swelling in the right ankle, which it appears he had strained six months before. Lieutenant Stephens got over the 47 miles in six hours and 55 minutes, and until the last hour looked an easy winner. He took 22 minutes to breakfast and made only one rest more, which was four minutes.

London Sunday Times.

A telling Pun.—Richmond bridge is now opened every day, except Sundays, to foot-passengers. "I wonder," said X., meeting H. in the Strand, "if one can also cross Waterloo bridge without paying?" "Go and ask," answered H., "and you'll be *tolled.*"

A Sensible Prayer.—A backwoodsman about to encounter a bear, and distrusting his own strength a little, made the following very sensible prayer:

"Oh Lord! here's going to be one of the greatest sort of bear fights you ever *did* see, sure! Oh Lord, help me—but if you cant help *me*, for God's sake dont help the *bear*!"

Special Verdict.—Three young men were recently tried in Cattaraugus county for shooting and mortally wounding a dog. The written verdict of the jury was—"All three guilty; plaintiff's damages assessed at 6 pence; and each of the defendants to have another shot at the dog!"

N. Y. Sun.

☞ Not bad. We recollect in an adjoining county of a dog case in which the verdict of the Jury found the defendant guilty of shooting his neighbor's dog, and fined him $5 to be "paid in two hound puppies."

Louisville City Gazette.

A Pleasant Task.—The itinerant *gentleman*, calling himself "G. E. Droffnore," who professes that he has undertaken to learn a trade, or work at one, till he can earn fifteen shillings; also to learn to play some musical instrument, or make one of original construction, and by playing which, and selling matches, save £100—is now perambulating these towns. This sum of £100 he is to save exclusive of expenses, doing all before he sleeps on a bed, or is covered with bed-clothes, shaves his beard, cuts his hair, drinks any ale, wine, or spirituous liquors, smokes tobacco, or takes snuff. He is to attend some place of Divine Worship every week, and take down the divisions of a sermon.

Plymouth Journal.

Last not Least.—We are visited with Encke's Comet but once in forty years; but then, when it does reach us, there is no mistaking it. It is the same with Cowan's jokes. The intervals between them are certainly long and great; but when they do come, they are so evident that no one can help seeing them. The following, moreover, has the Lord Mayor's own stamp upon it to answer for its authenticity; no other, consequently, can be genuine. Sir Peter and Sir John were wine-bibbing together. "Why," said the illustrious ex-Lord Mayor to the other illustrious ex-Lord Mayor, "Why, my dear Laurie, is a pawnbroker like the last man?"

Sir Peter drained his glass of City port, looked volumes of vacancy, and then ventured to inquire "whether Sir John meant Hoby the boot-maker?"

"Nothing of the sort, my boy," returned the titled tallow-chandler, "he is but the man of lasts; whereas I mean the last of men. No, no, old cock; a pawnbroker is like the last man, because he *stands a-loan.*" Sir Peter called for another bottle of port.

Age.

Riding.—An officer on a field-day happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have *fallen off.*"

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb Engraving *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for January and February, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by Dick, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by Hinshilwood, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for March and April was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp. Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vial de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for May and June, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations of the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for July, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq.; On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add that since it took place a large number of the subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style o publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,

Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 13, 1839.

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street [A6]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md. - -	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Boonville, Mo. - - -	and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Camden, N. J. - - - -	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
Crab Orchard, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, 1st Wednesday, 4th Sept.
Cincinnati, Ohio - -	Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
Clinton, Ala. - - - -	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Cross Keys, Va. - - -	Southampton County, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
Fort Smith, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
Livingston, Ala. - -	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
Lynchburg, Va. - -	Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
La Prairie, L. C. - -	Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d July.
Montreal, L. C. - -	Turf Club Meeting, St. Pierre Course, 3d Monday, 19th Aug.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
New York City - -	Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
New Orleans, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
Pittsylvania C. H. Va.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
Quebec, L. C. - - -	Association Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Springfield, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Trenton, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Van Buren, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Washington, D. C. -	National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Wheeling, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

BOLIVIA AND THE CAPTAIN'S RACE IN 1834.

Washington, July 17, 1839.

Now, *Mr. Spirit*, as I am assured from the whole tone and character of your valuable paper that nothing can afford you more pleasure than to have *history set right*, where you have unintentionally fallen into error. I beg permission to correct the reading of a small paragraph connected with the notice of that celebrated and triumphant race horse, *John Bascombe*.

The matter to which I allude runs thus:—"In 1834 *Bolivia*, at the Fall meeting of the National Jockey Club, at Washington, beat *Mingo* in a sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, two mile heats, in 3:58 and 3:48. There were eleven subscribers to the stake, but only these two started. Mingo was amiss, having caught cold on board the steamboat at Baltimore, and was distanced the second heat."

The fact of the case stands thus: eleven subscribers, of whom *four* started, viz., Bolivia, The Captain, Mingo, and Harriet Heth. Bolivia and The Captain contended for the 2d heat, which was run in 3:48, the former winning the race by a very short distance. It was the opinion of many The Captain lost the heat in the start, his legs being what we term *bucked*, and got off with great reluctance. I well know it was the opinion of The Captain's owner he was able to beat Bolivia, and as an evidence of it, I heard him propose to Col. Crowell to repeat the same race of two miles, in fifteen or thirty minutes betting the *one* against the *other*. The gallant old Colonel left the Judges' stand, took a look at the mare, returned, and declined the race, saying "he had won glory enough for one day."

It is very questionable whether The Captain could have beaten the mare *then*, or ever, and certainly this little anecdote is not related with a view of detracting from this celebrated race horse—very far from it, as none hold both her and her generous owner in higher esteem. My whole object in noticing this affair was simply to do justice to a fine horse, whom I have thought I have seen some temper in the *knowing ones* to disparage. Had a "Baltimorean" been in attendance at the National Course in the Spring of 1834, he might have been gratified by seeing the first race The Captain ever ran a "good 2d heat."

Pray excuse this hasty scrawl. Wishing all success to the "Spirit," and health and happiness to the editor and Pete Whetstone,

I am, &c. &c., yours, Roanoke.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM THE SOUTH.

Dear Sir,—I returned home but a few days since, having attended the Lexington and Louisville (Ky.) Races; there were good contests at both. The Lexington Course is the best managed in the United States: it is under the control of the Club; they employ persons to attend to every department, the whole of which is superintended by a committee of gentlemen, who devote their time and attention to it for the benefit of the sport. All the receipts and emoluments go to encourage the Turf, so they are enabled to offer many and liberal purses, out of comparatively small resources. The secret of this consists in their not having a blood-sucking proprietor to glut, who generally makes a practice of extorting as much, and doing as little, as possible; exacting all he can from the public, and impoverishing the racing men, on whom we depend for sport.

At the Lexington Course you are not annoyed with any of those vexatious impositions, which cost much, that the proprietor may make a little more. As a friend of racing, I would recommend the system pursued at Lexington to all Jockey Clubs.

Have you noticed the wonderful performance of *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey, by Imp. Boaster? He ran in about four weeks in four States—Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi; two races at each course (except one), travelling 130 and 180 miles between each track, and lost but one heat. Bat Smith will make a horse stand to his traces, and if there is anything in him will have it out. McHeath is very respectably connected; Haney's *Maria* had as much fame in Tennessee as Gen. Jackson.

You will regret to hear that Mr. John C. Stevens' *Cara* slipped twins to Glencoe. If a mare, whose produce is in a stake, bring twins, can either or both start? This is a possible case, and ought to be settled. Yours truly.

FLYING CHILDERS,

Flying Childers a chesnut horse, with white on his nose, and four white legs, was bred by Leonard Childers, Esq., of Carr House, near Doncaster, and foaled in 1715.—He was purchased when young by the Duke of Devonshire. Childers was by the Darley Arabian; his dam, called Betty Leedes, by Old Careless; his grandam (own sister to Leedes) by Leedes's Arabian; his great grandam by Spanker, out of the Old Morocco Mare, the dam of Spanker. Not one of the pictorial representations of this extraordinary horse give anything like a correct resemblance of him: he is represented in them with high shoulders and a lofty forehand, a formation directly opposed to the fleetness of progressive motion. Childers was not brought upon the course till he was six years old, when consequently he had acquired his full strength and maturity, or nearly so. In April, 1721, he beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8st 7lb each, four miles, 500 guineas: and in October following, he received from Speedwell 500 guineas forfeit. In October, 1722, Childers beat the Earl of Drogheda's Chaunter, 10st each, six miles, for 1,000 guineas. In April, 1723, he received of the Duke of Bridgwater's Lonsdale Mare and Lord Milsintowne's Stripling, 50 guineas forfeit each; and in November following, he received 100 guineas from Lord Godolphin's Bobsey. Childers ran a trial against Almanzor and the Duke of Rutland's Brown Betty, carrying 9st 2lb over the Round Course at Newmarket (three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards) in six minutes and forty seconds. He ran over the Beacon Course (four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-eight yards) in seven minutes and thirty seconds. The accounts of Childers which have been handed down to us do not go sufficiently into detail; we are told, for instance, that the aggregate amount of his winnings reached £20,000; but we are at a loss for the items, since we no not know where to seek for more of these interesting particulars beyond those already noticed, which fall very short of the amount just mentioned. His racing was confined to Newmarket, and there can be no doubt that he vanquished every opponent. As to his being able to go at the rate of a mile a minute, stated on *supposition*, it amounts to ridiculous nonsense: his races over the Round and the Beacon Courses are sufficient and satisfactory testification—they were evidently trial races, and he was carefully timed. As a racer, he was inferior to Eclipse, in power and speed—inferior altogether. Childers was rather more than fifteen hands high. It is to be regretted that we have no correct likeness of him: the artist who painted the original picture from which the various engravings have been copied, was altogether ignorant of the principles or organs of the progressive motion of the horse: he has represented Childers in a state of excitement, with the near fore leg raised considerably from the ground: thus the shoulders and forehand of the animal seem elevated, and the eye of the beholder is met by a semi-monster, instead of that finely corresponding organization for which Childers *must necessarily* have been remarkable. Childers proved a valuable stallion, and died in the Duke of Devonshire's stud in 1741, aged 26 years. He is said to have been very vicious.

Aquatics.—Within the last few years Rowing and Sailing matches have been frequent; it has become an amusement of higher circles, and it is now no uncommon sight to behold noble Lords striving to outvie each other in a rowing match. Numerous Yacht Clubs have been formed in various parts of England, and prizes of various descriptions have been sailed for, exhibiting great skill and ability amongst their commanders, captains, and crews. The crews of some of these sailing vessels are most excellent seamen, who can hand, reef, and steer with any man in the British Navy. Although there is a great spirit of rivalry displayed by the various clubs to become the crack party, or boat on the river, yet, we are happy to assert, there is nothing else but the most gentlemanly feeling manifested towards each other upon all occasions—victory being the only object in view.

The Royal Yacht Club sailed for their first prize this season on her Majesty's birth-day. A very numerous company assembled, among whom we noticed Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Craven, &c. &c. The following yachts sailed for the prize:—Widgeon, Success, Queen Victoria, and Fortuna. After a most beautiful contest, the Success won.

On Friday evening week a four-oared boat race came off between the students at Eaton. The distance, from Windsor bridge to the Rushes and back. The pull was a very severe one, past the Clump to Clever Point, and after a sharp contest for superiority, the Victoria was triumphant. The victors were Messrs. Fort, Ducket, Moody, Espinass, and East, steerer.

A rowing match took place last week between Lane and Pocock, from Westminster Bridge to Putney, for £5 a side. It was a beautiful contest throughout, and was only won by half a minute by Pocock.

Pigeon Shooting, &c.—The match between Macleod and Parnell for £200 came off, on Wednesday week, at 50 birds each, five traps, distance 30 yards, double guns, with privilege of using both barrels. Mr. Macleod won the match by shooting ten pigeons more than his competitor.

On Thursday week a sweepstakes of £20 each was contended for by Messrs. Wickham, Macleod, and Parnell, at twenty-five birds each, thirty yards rise, and five traps. At the 25th round they all tied, when they agreed to shoot the ties off at seven birds each. Mr. W. won, killing 19, M. 18, and P. 15. The same party and a noble Captain shot three sweepstakes of £5 each, the same distance, seven birds each. The captain won two, and Mr. Parnell one. Messrs. Parnell, Macleod, and Wickham shot another sweepstakes at six birds each; the latter gentleman the winner.

Rifle Shooting at Kilmarnock took place a fortnight back. The wind was high, yet, nevertheless, after excellent shooting the prize was awarded to R. Crooks, Esq., and the second prize to Mr. Kennedy, gunmaker; who also won the silver punch ladle, awarded for the best twenty successive shots. This gentleman with a double barrelled rifle of his own manufacture, won twelve out of the twenty-four prizes contended for.

Cricketing.—A singular match at Cricket came off on the 13th inst., at Cambridge, between smokers and non-smokers. The former had first innings, and it was curious to behold the beautiful weed "wasting its substance" in party coloured and fantastic curls. The air was impregnated with the rich perfume of the Havannah. When the clouds of smoke had in some degree evaporated, the play began, and the patrons of the "leaf" scored 49. The ladies' men then went in and scored 69, which made the weedites to look 'reyther' down. The second innings the 'puffers' scored 161, making 210; whilst their opponents only scored 55, making 124. Thus the supporters of the revenue proved that, even in cricketing, 'bacca was a powerful stimulant. The non-smokers are so "werry incredulous" as not to believe their defeat was accelerated by supernatural agency. What unbelievers they must be!

The Cockney-Boy's Alphabet.

A vos an 'At, vich ve vears on our 'ead,
B vos a Beak, of offenders the dread,
C vos a Cad, as'll weedle the shy uns,
D vos old Drury, vot's now got the Lions.
E vos the 'Ells vere they does the green squires,
F vos the Fœnix, a hingin for fires.
G vos grim Gog of Guildhall, a gruff caitiff,
H vos a Hoyster, a werry nice native,
I vos Snow 'Ill, not an high un, but little,
J vos a Jarvey, vot's just lost his vittle,
K vos our Kountry, vot's ruled by a spinster,
L vos a Lawyer, as chaffs at Vest—minster,
M vos Lord Mayor, vot commits prigs to Bridevell,
N vos the 'Not, by Jack Ketch that is tied vell,
O vos the 'Ouse vere they makes all the taxes,
P vos Bob Peel, as such sharp questions axes,
Q vos Queer Street, a rum place, 'tis agreed on,
R vos a 'Rit, vich you'd better take heed on,
S vos a Swell, sich a cove for Newmarket,
T vos Old Tom, vot has made a few lark it,
U vos those pirme Uns, vot flare up like rockets,
V vos a Vipe, as ve vears in our pockets,
W vos Wauxhall, sich a nice place, I'm thinkin',
X the Exchange, vere they chaffers like winkin,
Y Z are no go, so I'm sure have said many—
I've done them all now, sir—please give me a penny.

TRAINING BULLFINCHES.

"In Germany," says Bechstein, those "young bullfinches that are to be taught to sing particular tunes, must be taken from the next when the feathers of the tail begin to grow, and must be fed only on rapeseed soaked in water, and mixed with white bread. Although they do not warble before they can feed themselves, it is not necessary to wait for this to begin their instruction; for it will succeed better, if we may say so, when infused with their food, since experience proves that they learn those airs more quickly, and remember them better, which they have been taught just after eating. It has been said that these birds, like the parrots, are never more attentive than during digestion. Nine months of regular and continued instruction are necessary before the bird acquires what amateurs call firmness; for, if the instruction cease before this is obtained, they would destroy the air by suppressing or displacing the different parts, and they often forget it entirely at their first moulting. In general it is a good plan to separate them from the other birds, even after they are perfect; because, owing to their great quickness in learning, they would spoil the air entirely by introducing wrong passages; they must be helped to continue the song when they stop, and the lesson must always be repeated while they are moulting, otherwise they will become mere chatterers, which would be doubly vexatious after having bestowed trouble in teaching them. Different degrees of capacity are shown here as well as in other animals; one young bullfinch learns with ease and quickness; another with difficulty, and slowly; the former will repeat, without hesitation, several parts of a song; the latter will hardly be able to whistle one part, after nine months' uninterrupted teaching; but it has been remarked that those which learn with most difficulty remember the songs which have once been well learnt better and longer, and rarely forget them, even when moulting. The instrument used is a bird-organ, or a flageolet, but generally the former. Many birds, when young, will learn some strains of airs whistled or played to them regularly every day; but it is only those whose memory is capable of retaining them that will abandon their natural song and adopt fluently, and repeat without hesitation, the air that has been taught them. Thus a young goldfinch learns, it is true, some part of a melody played to a bullfinch; but it will never be able to render it as perfectly as this bird; this difference is not caused by the superiority of memory in the one species over that of the other. Numbers of bullfinches, which have been taught in the manner described, are brought from Germany to London every spring, and are frequently advertised for sale in the London newspapers; the price, which is something considerable, depends on the powers and proficiency of the performer."

Yarrell's British Birds.

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over this course during the Fall Meeting of 1839:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats; four or more to make a race; now four subs.; to close the 1st Sept.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., three or more to make a race; free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. To close the 1st Sept. Now three subscribers.

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds Fall Meeting, 1839, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, h.ft.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct. Now two subs.

Inside Stake, free for all ages Fall Meeting, 1839, on the day of the Jockey Club Purse (and for the Jockey Club Purse), Four mile heats; to name at the Post, sub. $2000 each, P. P.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs.

July 19th, 1839.—[jy 20] WM. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor*.

WHEELING JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Wheeling Course* will commence on Tuesday, the 2d Sept., and continue five days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 20th August. Now two subs.

Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close by 1st Sept.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Third day—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, Mile heats, $25 entrance, sd. sd Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style; weight 160lbs., to close the day before the race.

Same day—For a Splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value $150, Two mile heats; entrance depending upon the number of subscribers; the winner to take the glass or the money at his option.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. E. NORVELL,
J. H. OLIVER, } *Proprietors*.

[jy 20]

IMPORTANT LEGAL OPINION OF
COL. JOSEPH M. WHITE, of Florida (Cousellor at Law).

The undersigned has been asked his legal opinion upon the right of Messrs. Schmidt & Hamilton to organize and carry into effect a Lottery under the laws of Florida.—It appears that an application was made by them to the Legislative Assembly of the Territory for such a privilege, which was granted by the Senate and Legislative Council, and vetoed by the Governor. It was ascertained that by a previous act in force, and unrepealed, certain Commissioners therein named, were authorised "to raise such sum or sums of money, by lottery, in such scheme or schemes, as they may deem appropriate or advisable," to complete a Court House and Seminary. The Commissioners have deemed it "appropriate and advisable" to adopt this scheme, which they have a perfect right to do, so long as the act stood in force, and without limitation as to time. If it is urged that such an act, for such a purpose, was not intended for so large an operation, the answer is obvious, that the Legislature has not specified the extent or duration of the scheme. The discretion is given to the Commissioners, who have acted upon the subject, and it is not in the power of the Governor, Legislature, or Judiciary, to hinder, or obstruct in any manner, the execution of such plan as the Commissioners shall agree upon.

I am of opinion, therefore, that Schmidt & Hamilton have the legal right to execute the scheme agreed upon, in concurrence with, and under the legal authority of the Commissioners. I have seen the paper signed by the parties, and consider it sufficient in law to authorize the scheme for the disposition of the Arcade, and other property in New Orleans.

Jos. M. White, of Florida.

New York, July 16th, 1839.

The New Orleans Real Estate Lottery.—It is with feelings of satisfaction that we are induced to lay before our readers the above lucid opinion of that eminent lawyer, Colonel Jos. M. White, of Florida, in reply to the unfounded assertions made by some interested individuals, and also, we regret to add, in *a few* instances, by the public press, against the legality of the grant under which this lottery is to draw. Our numerous friends, and even our enemies, will now be compelled to admit that this is no longer to be considered as a "hoax;" indeed, the evidence of such being the general belief has hitherto been so slight, that had we consulted our own individual judgment, Col. White's opinion would never have been taken—but we have yielded to the voice of our friends, and taken his opinion—and behold the result—a most triumphant one!

Mr. Louis Schmidt, the principal manager, being also desirous of refuting any slanderous observations that may have been made, adverse to the validity and fairness of the lottery in question, has come hence from New Orleans, provided with introductions of the highest nature, and is fully prepared to give such New York city references, as will be satisfactory to the most sceptical, and a complete answer to the endeavor made by some parties (who have an object to gain,) to cast odium on the concern.

[jy 20-1t*] SYLVESTER & CO., 156 Broadway.

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

CROSS KEYS COURSE, SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.

THE races over this course will commence the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $150 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close the 1st day of Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now two subscribers.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount, $15 entrance.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, $20 ent.

Fourth day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close the 1st day of Sept. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, One mile, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. Now two subs., and many more expected.

Entries made to any of the above stakes will be addressed to SAMPSON C. RUSE, Proprietor, Boykin's Depot, Southampton County, Virginia.

GEORGE B. CARY, President.
ROBT. RIDLEY, 1st Vice President.
JAS. S. FRENCH, 2d Vice President.

C. D. BARHAM, Secretary.
July 12, 1839.—[jy 20]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, subscription $300 each, $100 forfeit; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st of August. Now two subscribers, viz: David McDaniel, Jas. B. Kendall.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now one subscriber, viz.: Col. Wm. R. Johnson.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

A list of the entries to the above Sweepstakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times," immediately after the 1st of August.

☞ The Fall Meeting will commence on the Second Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, Four mile heats; $1000, Three mile heats; $600, Two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse to go to the second best, if more than one start—if but *one* all to go to the winner. Entrance 5 per cent.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not determine which is second best, the horse that is second in the last heat will be so considered. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

Trenton, N. J., July 11, 1839.—[jy 13]

TROTTING, HUNTING PARK COURSE.

THE following Trotting Purses are declared to come off over the above Course, the 4th Tuesday, 23d July:—

First day, at 1 o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses.

Same day—A Purse of $100, Mile heats under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that have not won over that amount.

Second day, at 1 o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats in harness, free for all horses, not excepting the winning horse of the previous day.

Same day—A Purse of $100 Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, free for all.

JAMES BROWN, *Proprietor*.

Philadelphia County, July 8th, 1839.—[jy 13-2t]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New-York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

    1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
    2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
    3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
    4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
    5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
    6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL.
June 23, 1839.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, if not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora) belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
T. Watson,
Lucius J. Polk,
R. K. Polk,
Samuel Ragland,
Nicholas Davis,
Jas. W. Camp,
E. H. Boardman,
George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
Samuel Ragland,
T. Watson,
Willis H. Boddie,
L. P. Cheatham,
Lucius J. Polk,
William H. Polk, by }
Lucius J. Polk, }
R. K. Polk,
Nicholas Davis,
E. H. Boardman,
James W. Camp,
Hickman Lewis.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
Duncan F. Kenner,
W. J. Minor,
George M. Long.
A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,
Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
G. N. Sanders,
T. J. Wells,
A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE Races over this course will take place on Monday, the 7th October, and continue six days. From the great encouragement met with the last season, the Proprietor will offer increased inducements to visit the Kendall Course. The purses will be augmented, both in number and amount. The particulars in due time. The following sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson.

Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

And to cap the climax, we have the Pete Whetstone Stakes, now opened and written by his own hand, to wit:—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; to run Spring of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now six subscribers, and fifty more expected. The present subscribers are:—

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

Breeders and racers desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, will address the subscriber, at Baltimore. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

June 17, 1839.—[June 22]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of thei Colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1eJun

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,

No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [j22,tf.]

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE 7th No. of this work was published on the 1st July, from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after an oil painting by Herring, and the following is submitted as its Table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENT:

THE GREAT ST. LEGER FIELD IN 1838, WITH A PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN;
Engraved on Steel by Prud'homme, after an oil painting by Herring.

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The 8th No. will be published on the 1st August, and will be embellished with two engravings, executed by Dick expressly for this work.

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 6.—[j6]

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

THE following important articles and compilations have been published in the present volume of this paper, commencing on March 9th, 1839.

Pedigree and Performances of Black Maria.
Pedigree and Performances of John Bascombe.
Review of the New York Stage.
ALPHAABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES at 1m., 2m., 3m., and 4m. heats, for the year 1838.
COMPLETE LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839.
Memoir of Augusta, with a complete sketch of her theatrical career.
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH WINNING HORSES for 1838, at all distances.

The following COSTLY ENGRAVINGS have also been given in the present volume:—

Portrait of Madlle. AUGUSTA as The Sylphide.
" BLACK MARIA, owned by Hon. BALIE PEYTON of New Orleans.
" JOHN BASCOMBE, " Col. JOHN CROWELL of Alabama

These will be followed by equally FINE ENGRAVINGS of LEVIATHAN, SHARK, MONARCH, WAGNER, MINGO, &c.

The Series, when complete, will form a SPORTING GALLERY worth of itself more than the price of subscription. [j22]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839 will commence on Tuesday, 10th September, and continue five days.

First day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.: four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the Proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th Aug.

To this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for three year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Kentucky; Mile heats.

Second day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a Beautiful Tea Sett (Silver), the amount of entrance to be governed by the number. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the Race, to name at the Judges' Stand, previous to the hour of starting.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in Gold. Mile heats.

If three or more start the second best to receive $100 out of this purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

20th June, 1839.—[Jy 6] LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

BUCKEYE STAKE.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Buckeye Stake," on the first day of the Spring Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Mile heats, for colts and fillies to be three years old the respective dates, $300 entrance, $100 ft., to name and close the 1st day of January in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

VELOCIPEDE.

TO be sold by auction by Messrs. TATTERSALLS, at Doncaster, in the race week, the well known and valuable stallion VELOCIPEDE, sire of The Queen of Trumps, Hornsea, Ebberston, Oberon, Skater, Ainderby, (imported into America by L. J. Polk, Esq., of Tenn.,) Calista, Jacob Faithful, Verbena, and many other first rate Race Horses.

Velocipede, a chesnut horse, was foaled in 1825; he was got by Blacklock, out of a Juniper mare, her dam by Sorcerer, out of Virgin by Sir Peter—Pot-8-o's—Editha by Herod, etc. [See Skinner's English and American Stud Book, p. 880.]

For price, etc., apply to Messrs. TATTERSALLS, Hyde Park Corner, if by letter, post paid.

London, 21st May, 1839.—[Jy 6-4t]

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

AN EXTRA PURSE OFFERED—$500 IN AMERICAN GOLD.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run for over the Cincinnati Course, on Monday, the 9th Sept., Two mile heats; subscription $100 each, h. ft. Ten or more to make a race. Each subscriber to pay $25 to the Proprietor in aid of the purse, which is to be $500 in American Gold, hung up at the Judges' Stand.

If three start the second best to receive $200 out of the stake; if four or more start, the third best to receive $100 out of the stake; the balance of the stake and the Purse goes to the winner. To name and close on or before the 15th Aug. In naming, the subscriber will forward the same to Lewis Sanders, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati, dated on the letter where it is mailed previous to 15th Aug. LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

June 24, 1839.—[Jy 6]

SYMMES* STAKES.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Symmes Stake" on the first day of the Fall Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies to be 3 years old the respective dates, $300 ent., $100 forfeit, to name and close the 1st day of April in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

* Col. J. C. Symmes, who settled the Cincinnati district.

TO SPORTSMEN.

FOR SALE—A black Russian SETTER DOG, perfectly broke on all game, and fetches in fine style. He is 2½ years old, and is sold for want of use. Price, $60. Apply at 141 Washington street, Newark, N. J., or to Mr. A. M. BLACK, at the New York Tattersall's, Broadway. [July 6]

PURE BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE.

DR. SMITH CUTTER, of Shrewsbury, N. J., has two litters of pure Berkshire pigs for sale. Apply to LEWIS BEACH, 14 Cedar st. [Jy 6-2t]

BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

THE well known race mare *Frolic*; got by Am. Eclipse, out of the celebrated race mare Betsey Ransom, by Virginian, with a yearling filly foal at her side, by the Imp. horse Trustee, to which horse the mare is also stinted. The mare is a large sized roomy mare for breeding, and the foal is one of great promise; the owner is induced to part with them only on account of having sold his farm.

They can be had, if applied for immediately, at the low price of $500 together.

For further particulars apply to GEO. W. MILLER, New York Tattersall's, or to the Editor of this paper. [July 6-5t]

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4-tf]

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE undersigned being desirous of breaking up his breeding establishment in consequence of its location at a distance from his residence, will dispose of his remaining stock at the most moderate prices. It comprises some of the most fashionable and the purest strains of blood in the country.

No. 1. *Saluda*, a chesnut mare, by Timoleon, out of a Sir Harry mare, and she out of Highland Mary, an own sister to Sir Archy, etc. Saluda is the dam of Dr. Syntax, Viceroy, and others, and 17 years old. She has a colt by her side by Imp. Trustee, and is in foal to him again.

No. 2. *Gypsey*, a roan mare, 15½ hands high, and 7 years old, is own sister to the celebrated Medoc and Midas. She was bred to Imp. Trustee last year, and dropped a colt this Spring, which was considered the most promising on the Island; it was unfortunately killed by an accident. Gypsey is again stinted to Trustee.

No. 3. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, 3 yrs.

No. 3. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, 2 yrs.

No. 5. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Saluda, yearling.

The three colts are all in very high form, and of good size. The mares may be seen at the stable of A. L. BOTTS, Esq. at Jamaica, Long Island, and the 3 yr. old colt at Mr. JOHN McCOMB's stable at the Centreville Course; the two youngest colts at my farm at Hyde Park

Application may be made to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, or by letter addressed to me at Hyde Park, Duchess County, N. Y. HAMILTON WILKES.

New York, June 26, 1839. [J29-3t]

THOROUGH BRED STOCK FOR SALE.

THE health of the undersigned, and that of his family, requiring a climate more congenial than Long Island, he has determined to dispose of his farm at Jamaica: in which event he has no place for his blooded stock. He has mares, colts, and fillies of all ages, and of the different blood of Sir Charles, Eclipse, Henry, Barefoot, Trustee, and Gohanna; some of the mares are of the most desirable crosses, and purchased at a high price. They will be sold for *one half* their value, and if desired, a credit of twelve months given, if early application be made to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," who will be furnished with a catalogue numbering some 20, or 30, and give every information desired.

[my 25] ALEXANDER L. BOTTS

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton
Henry A. Tayloe
Rich'd H. Long

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
Col. Jas. Lankford
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
J. J. Burton
Henry W. Reese

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp. Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." [jy13]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

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☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hert, corner of Broadway and Chambers srreet, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Grandeurand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

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☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, July 20—For the Benefit of Mrs. LEWIS and LA PETITE BERTHA, and their last appearance. THE FRENCH SPY; Mathilda, Mrs. Lewis; Mohammed, Mr. Lewis; TIMOUR THE TARTAR; Oglou, Mr. Lewis; Agib, La Petite Bertha; Zorilda, Mrs. Lewis; and, for the second time in America, the farce of THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

MONDAY, July 22—Miss and Master WELLS' Benefit.

TUESDAY, July 23—The Drama of CAPT. KYD, taken from Professor Ingraham's novel of that name, will be performed for the first time.

WEDNESDAY, July 24—Second night of CAPT. KYD.

THURSDAY, July 25—Third night of CAPT. KYD.

FRIDAY, July 26—First night of the Re-engagement of Monsieur and Madame TAGLIONI.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession, that applications for engagements for the approaching season of the Theatres in Virginia can be made to the subscriber at Richmond, Va. The perfect success of the drama, during the last season, in Virginia, has authorized the erection of a new Theatre ("Avon") in Norfolk; and that the same mutual responsibility between the lessee and *artiste* may be continued, in all engagements, therefore, *articles of agreement* will be required. Season to commence about September, and extend to about thirty weeks. Address, *post paid*,

GEORGE JONES,

Lessee and sole director of the "Marshal," "Avon," and "Petersburg" Theatres, Va.

Things Theatrical.

So far as New York is concerned, there is nothing at the Theatres worth seeing or talking of. We have no idea, with the thermometer at 90 in the shade, of endeavoring to braid a silk purse out of a sow's ear!

What is Wallack to have at the National next season?

WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 17th, 1839.

My dear Sir,—As you are always well-informed respecting *Things Theatrical*, perhaps you could gratify the curiosity of your humble servant, by giving a list of the performers, male and female, engaged as Stock actors for the ensuing season at the National Theatre.

I would not trouble you on this subject, but in the anticipation of a brilliant season, myself and several friends have some idea of getting Season Tickets; but we stipulate for a good company. We enter our protest against WALLACK, Jr., being thrust into parts which (however promising his talents may be,) he is at present incapable of filling. We protest against Miss MONIER'S being engaged for leading business: we protest against Mr. ANDREWS doing Tragedy, or Walking Gentlemen in Comedy: and we demand a company capable of supporting every branch of the Drama.

From Mr. WALLACK'S liberality we expect great things; to his enterprise we look for the revival of some of those fine old plays which the hitherto beggarly policy of our Managers has driven from our boards. I hope to see Mr. BROWNE'S name permanently in the Manager's List; he is the Prince of eccentric *Comedy*; and it would be gratifying to the patrons of this establishment, to welcome HARRY WALLACK, and that promising young actor OXLEY, on their return to these boards.

It is astonishing to me that Mr. W. has never had an actor to take the parts sustained by the late Mr. CLARKE, at the Park. What do you think of GILBERT, of the Tremont, for this line of business?

I have already said more than I intended; let me therefore conclude with wishing you all the pleasure we anticipate for ourselves the ensuing season, which, by the way, is no uncharitable wish.

Mr. P., a word in your ear.—As Miss CLIFTON always suffers so severely in her health from her Southern engagements, could you not prevail on our friend Wallack to do the liberal thing, and give her, her own terms—to do the leading business?——Two baskets of the best Champagne will be forwarded to Barclay-Street, if you succeed.

Your friend and well-wisher,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Note.—It would be impossible for any one at this time to give the desired information relative to the stock company of the National next season, as Wallack had made very few engagements when he last wrote from London. His selection of people here will depend almost entirely upon the available talent he can recruit there; and it is altogether probable that new people and new pieces will be the order of the day.

The protest against Wallack, Jr., and Andrews, has our hearty concurrence; but Miss MONIER'S age and sex, not less than her beauty and talent, prefer claims upon our gallantry that cannot be lightly regarded. She is unequal to the task of leading the business, but we do maintain that she is an exceedingly clever and promising young artist. Let Wallack retain her for the Ophelias, and the Juliets; he must have some one, and "a great creature in her line," to support KEAN and himself,—to play Lady Macbeth, Belvidera, Portia, Beatrice, Mrs. Beverly, &c. &c. Wallack has a lady in his eye on this and the other side of the water, for this line. To the first, he offered her own terms before he left New York; his letter, which we saw, was addressed to a lady who some time since retired from the stage: should she return to the profession, she will make her second debut upon the boards of the National. She had not decided when Wallack sailed, whether to accept his liberal offer or not.

We advise "A Subscriber," not to be in too great a hurry about securing a Season Ticket. "Wait a week," and see what turns up; but protest solemnly and vehemently against the junior Wallack, and Andrews,—"it's all very well, Mr. Ferguson, but you cannot *play* here." As to Miss Monier, her line of business should be better filled; but we should like her to be retained in the company, as she is bound to improve,—the others are past praying for.

We should be gratified with the engagement of BROWNE and OXLEY, though we cannot think the Manager could offer the latter such an engagement as would be agreeable to his feelings. When two men ride a horse, one must ride behind. Mr. O. will understand us.

Our chance for the champagne looks rather squally, inasmuch as Miss CLIFTON will probably sail for Europe in a few weeks, for the recovery of her health. Were it otherwise, we cannot see the propriety of advising her to accept an engagement as a stock actress, with a Manager who has been offering her a "Star engagement," on her own terms, for two seasons.

Balls, Wilson, Miss Shirreff, and Mrs. Sefton at Auburn.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 16, 1839.

Dear "Spirit,"—I know you like a little theatrical information, and never perhaps heard of our Auburn Theatre: well, we have a very neat building (built by the Governor of the State), holding about $300. It is managed by Messrs. LOGAN & THOMAN, and is patronised excellently well. The Summer season commenced July 1st, with Mrs. WM. SEFTON, of the National, who soon made herself a great favorite. Last Monday Mr. BALLS, your celebrated light comedian, on passing through to Buffalo, was pounced upon by the management, and made his appearance in Gossamer, in "Laugh When You Can;" the way he astonished our Auburn people by his cheerful free and easy, graceful manner, and joyous laugh, it is not in my power to describe. Every night the Theatre has been well attended. On Friday Mr. Balls took his benefit, playing "The Lady of Lyons;" Claude Melnotte, Mr. Balls; General Damas, Mr. Williams, of the National Theatre, who was delayed going further by our spirited management; Pauline, Mrs. W. Sefton. It was played magnificently, and received with perfect enthusiasm by a house crowded to the ceiling; graced, too, by all our fair ladies. It was a cheering sight. It was repeated last night to an excellent house, though not so great, owing to a Concert given at the Museum, by Miss SHIRREFF and Mr. WILSON, who took us completely by surprise. They fully justify all you critics in New York have said of them. They all leave on Wednesday, and then the Theatre closes till the Winter. Mrs. Sefton's benefit to-night—full of course—it must be! There is a Theatre building for our managers in Syracuse. They have a neat compact company, and are highly respected.

Yours,

AN ADMIRER OF "THE SPIRIT."

ELOCUTION.—MR. BARTON.—[From a Correspondent.]—Perhaps no two names could be more fitly mated, than the two that head this paragraph in conjunction:—the name of a very noble science, coupled with that of one of its warmest lovers and ablest professors. Our attention has been called to them, thus conjointly, by an advertisement in the daily papers, announcing Mr. BARTON'S intention to form classes for the study of ELOCUTION. No man in this country, is better capable of placing upon a proper footing this much-*professed* and little-*understood* science; and we most heartily wish him success in his project.

He brings to the task, the experience of a life-time spent in its study, in the best schools both of observation and experience; and couples with this experience, the energies of a most uncommonly acute and imaginative mind, calculated to comprehend and impart both the metaphysics and the poetry of oratory. We know no man who has drank so deeply at the "pure well of English undefiled," which sparkles amid the works of those early writers who may be said to have given us a language.

It is, to us, "worth ten years of peaceful life," to hear BARTON converse upon some single page of SHAKSPEARE, or some one stanza of GOLDSMITH; and see him dissect and illustrate them, till you find that a casual glance has not shown you half their force or beauty. It is like a chemist analyzing what may, to the passing observer, seem a common pebble; and developing beauties and properties the unpractised eye never dreamed of.

It is from a long and intimate acquaintance with BARTON, that we assure those inclined to place themselves under his instruction, that he will open to them, in an extraordinary degree, a new field of study and of intellectual enjoyment.

THE REGATTA AT LOUISVILLE.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—Scarcely, if ever, have I witnessed a multitude so perfectly mastered by their feelings as that which on the *Fourth of July* last stood upon the banks of the Ohio, and beheld a scene rife with intensity of interest. To attempt to do justice to this scene would in me be presumption, and to impart, by description to others, the feelings that controlled the spectators, would be an impossibility. Nevertheless with the hope that he may at least bestow on your readers a slight degree of pleasure, and on the actors in the scene a just reward for their noble efforts, your humble correspondent presents for your consideration a description of the scene, which (imperfect and rudely-fashioned though it be) he hopes may meet with favor from you, and an insertion in the "Spirit of the Times."

The Louisville Barge Club, consisting of young gentlemen from the city, had procured to be built by Mr. CROLIUS, of New York, a six-oared barge. It reached this place during the last Spring, was launched, and christened the *George Stewart*. Wishing to establish a reputation for their "craft," the club challenged the swift and beautifully modelled barge *The Ariel*, of eight oars, formerly "The Gypsey," of this city. The brush was to come off on the Fourth of July, and the distance as marked out was 2½ miles up the river, where turning or "doubling" a buoy, they were to run the same distance down to "the line," making in all 5 miles. With this preliminary I shall enter upon my task.

At half past 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, anxious hundreds swept in crowds towards the scene of action. The beauty and fashion of the city were there. Ladies and gentlemen, loafers and laborers, white folks and "niggers,' steamboat cooks, scullions, cabin boys, clerks, mates, passengers and Captains, and all the paraphernalia of city life on an Independence Day, formed the constituent parts of the heterogeneous mass that stood jammed and crowded upon the levee. Steamers were loaded down to their guards—boiler and hurricane decks, cabin lobbies, bow sprits, and chimneys were completely obscured, and the majestic boats towered from the water like solid masses of humanity. It was a great concentration of "mind and matter," though from the almost vertical rays of the summer sun, that shone steadily and fervidly down upon the scene, I should judge that the *matter* was the hottest portion of the focus. The eye, glancing upon the assembled crowds, was agreeably relieved from the monotonous and common-place display (which may be observed in all such assemblages) of ladies with their bonnets, ribbons, and bright eyes—gentlemen with their hats, canes, and cigars—Jehus with their hacks and horses—loafers with their white faces, and negroes with their black ones—by the beautiful regimentals, the drooping feathers, and bristling bayonets of the City Legion, composed of the male *elite* of Louisville.

As I stood gazing upon the oddly assorted multitudes from a small boat at the quay, a shout rolled up the air with a suddenness that was only equalled by the suddenness with which it ceased. I looked around—the fairy-formed barges were drawn to "the line." In point of men the Ariel had the advantage, and her strong and sinewy oarsmen bore a remarkable contrast to the comparatively weak and diminutive proportions of the "Stewarts." This disparity caused the bets to run greatly in favor of the eight oared barge. Expectation was now on tiptoe—it was so intense that a silence, deep and impressive, fell pall-like over the multitude. There was a buz—a hum throughout that mass, but no more. I never witnessed an apter emblem of the calm that precedes the outburst of the tempest. The feelings of the crowd seemed to sleep, to use the beautiful words of a poet

> "———like the passions in infancy's breast,
> Till the storm should unchain them from out their dark cave,
> And break the repose of the soul and the wave."

"Bang!" went the signal stroke upon the "gong," and in a second a long loud cheer—a rushing, crushing crowd—the trampling of feet—the curses of outraged pedestrians—the cries of excited hundreds, and the dash of oars overwhelmed me. I was unnerved—speechless, and absolutely blind. "The Ariel! the Ariel!" sang a multitude of voices in tones from the 5th leger line below, up to the squeaking treble notes upon the highest "leger lines above." This cry brought me to my senses—I gave one glance, and beheld the cause of the exulting shout. The Ariel had shot ahead at the first pull; the Stewart seemed to sit unsteadily in the water, and as I looked up, one little fellow (who is known in the club by the name of "*l'enfant*," caught—in nautical parlance—"*a crab*," which threw the Stewart back one pull. Groans and laughter burst from the friends of the respective boats, and bets ran high, two to one on the Ariel. But immediately—one good, long pull, and the gallant little Stewart (which is somewhat "crank") became settled, and "the Infant," who had been derided and looked down upon by many, threw aside all such *childish* sports as "*catching crabs*," and from that moment took up a more *Ariel pursuit*. The crew stretched to their oars, and like the tempest-impelled wind, the Stewart flew over the glistening waters—gained rapidly on the now confident Ariel, until the latter was no more than a length ahead, a distance the Stewart seemed content to keep. They were now about half the distance to the buoy, and the excitement at the quay had, in a great measure, subsided. Bets were high, but equal. All had their eyes fixed upon the contending barges, which now dimly seen, seemed to dance upon the glittering waters, while their rapidly dipping oars flashed brightly in the sun-light. "The Ariel! the Ariel!" shouted even the old river men, in anticipation of victory, and this shout was echoed to a deafening extent, when suddenly the "poor George Stewart" seemed to lose her distance, and her competitor shot still further ahead! Alas! the Stewart had broken a row-lock, but still pulled up with five oars. The tears started into the eyes of the *debutants*, but though all seemed lost, hope still nerved their arms. "The Infant," poor little fellow! was again the unfortunate person; his oar was now rendered useless, and his ambitious little soul swelled to such a pitch of agony, that for a few moments he was actually demented.

The Ariel reached the buoy, and rounded it. Up shot the Stewart, shouting for a row-lock. One was thrown from the buoy—it was caught—our little hero fixed it in its place—gave a hearty cheer—threw out his oar, and the Stewart was herself again! Both boats were now on the descent. The excitement from this period of the race became more and more intense. Louder and longer swelled the shouts; men stood in the water to their knees; ladies from balconies and carriages waved their handkerchiefs; men threw up their hats and unfurled their silks, while other poor devils, who possessed neither of those articles, jerking off their coats, waved them encouragingly in the air.

The Ariel is gallantly scudding the waters, and victory seems already perched upon her brow;—but hard and fast sweeps after her the gallant Stewart. *She* seems not to touch the water; she leaps it, and her slight timbers tremble as she flies under the powerful impulse! At every pull she rises from the surface, nor seems to sink beneath it. Her keel sits upon the water like a feather—she gains upon the Ariel—they are abreast—they pull—they tug—another pull—another leap—the George Stewart is half a length—a length—a length ahead! Pull on! mind not the shouts! stretch to your oars! Another pull! "the line" is there! Another! it is crossed—the race is won! and the Ariel shoots in *two lengths astern!*

The five miles were run in 26m. 44s.

As the victorious Stewart crossed the line, the rapid discharges of musketry from the platoons of the military, mingled with the loud cheering of the excited multitude, rendered the scene at one moment the most stirring I ever beheld.

The "Silver Cup" was presented to the victors, who have determined to send it on to the accomplished builder of the Stewart, Mr. CROLIUS, of New York.

W.

Louisville, Ky., July 10, 1839.

THE LATE NEWBURGH REGATTA.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Being fond of all aquatic sports, and a mere "looker on in Venice," I wended my way up the Hudson on board the James Madison, a very fine Newburgh steamer, on the evening of 9th instant, to witness the Newburgh Regatta, which took place the following day. I wished to see the arrangement, &c., previous to the race coming off, and to have a fair view of the much-spoken-of Newburgh Bay, which, I am pleased to say, much exceeded my expectations in the beauty and boldness of its scenery.

I should not have troubled you with this communication, Mr. Editor, had I not observed in the "Spirit of the Times" a letter from your correspondent "S," who makes the following remark:—

"Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the management of the whole affair, and no doubt the experience derived from this day's amusement will give rise to many improved regulations in future. The stake boats were misplaced, and too little attention was paid to retaining the men in their respective boats, and they were consequently allowed to stray too far in quest of 'best men' to put in their places."

Now, I can only say, it was the best arranged affair I ever witnessed, and the placing the stake boats in particular; instead of having a single boat to turn round, as is generally the case, here were placed three, forming a large triangle, the base of which must have been three hundred yards, which afforded the boats the opportunity of turning them, comparatively, with ease, and were placed one-third of the distance across the river, the boats turning them from the east; therefore your correspondent must have spoken "unadvisedly," or else, not a competent judge: but as to allowing the crews to stray too far in quest of "best men" to put in their places, appears to be too true.

The Victoria, it appears, "received an ugly scratch along her back bone by a sand bar." Now, if she thought proper to keep too close to the shore, to avoid the tide which was against them after turning the stake boat, could it be attributable to the stake boat's being "misplaced?" and I understood they were anchored in five fathoms water.

I attended to hear the address, (which was excellent by the bye) and to see the prizes delivered, and to my surprise found the winning boat "Corsair" ruled out for not conforming to the rules of the Club. I therefore took an opportunity of enquiring of one of the judges, as I was particularly anxious to learn the why and the wherefore, who politely, in a gentlemanly and frank manner, informed me that it was distinctly understood that the boats were to be rowed by members of the Club, but in case of any unforseen event one or two of the crews could not row, there would have been no objection made to other persons taking their places, so as to not occasion any disappointment; but the "Corsair's," (a very appropriate name) had, without the knowledge of the judges, engaged the Ludlow's and others, the best watermen in New York (and that is saying in the world) to row their boat, the coxswain being the only one of the Club. I also learned that the "Willis," a four-oared boat, had entered also with a picked crew of watermen, which was discovered previous to the race, and was not permitted to row; therefore, Sir, you can readily imagine how difficult it is to detect dishonorable means being used when no regard is paid to their pledges.

Your correspondent does not mention the Kosciusko, a six-oared boat, which rowed in the race; the Edwin Forrest, another six-oared boat, withdrew, and entered again, but was too late to take her station.

I will now relate a circumstance which will sufficiently prove the prowess of the crew of the Corsair. I was invited by a friend to take a seat in his carriage, to drive up and down the river in company with the boats on the New Windsor turnpike, which lays close to the river, where I had a fair view of the race. The Corsair, which was nearly the last boat to turn the stake boat, and was passing her competitors in succession, broke her rowlock, which it appears is nailed on the outside of the boat to give a greater lever to the oar, which reduced them to five oars, and might be considered a distance, but notwithstanding they passed other boats and came in ahead without any apparent effort.

I further learned that the distance was measured by the village surveyor, and that the apex of the triangle was exactly two and a half miles from the place of starting—the length of the base would probably make the distance rowed a hundred yards more. I was more particular on this subject, as I always questioned whether the distance was as great as reported from the short time it has been done in: in this case the time was 39:40, though I have no doubt but the New York watermen could perform it two or three minutes less.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Anatomie du Systemè Dentaire, consideree dans l'homme et les animaux, par Ph. Fr. BLAUDIN, chirurgien de l'hotel-dieu, professeur agrege a la Faculte de Medicine de Paris, etc. avec une planche. Translated from the French, with notes and general observations, by HARVEY BURDELL, M.D., Author of "Observations on the Anatomy, Structure, Physiology, and Diseases of the Teeth."

This valuble treatise on the teeth, is now in course of translation by Dr. Burdell, of Chambers st. In this work, many new practical theories are presented respecting the teeth, and the best means of preserving them; and we are convinced that the notes and observations of Dr. B. will add to the value and practical utility of the publication.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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